MARVEL
THE WORLD'S MOST UNLIKABLE SUPER HERO
THE IRREDEEMABLE
ANT-MAN®
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LOW-LIFE

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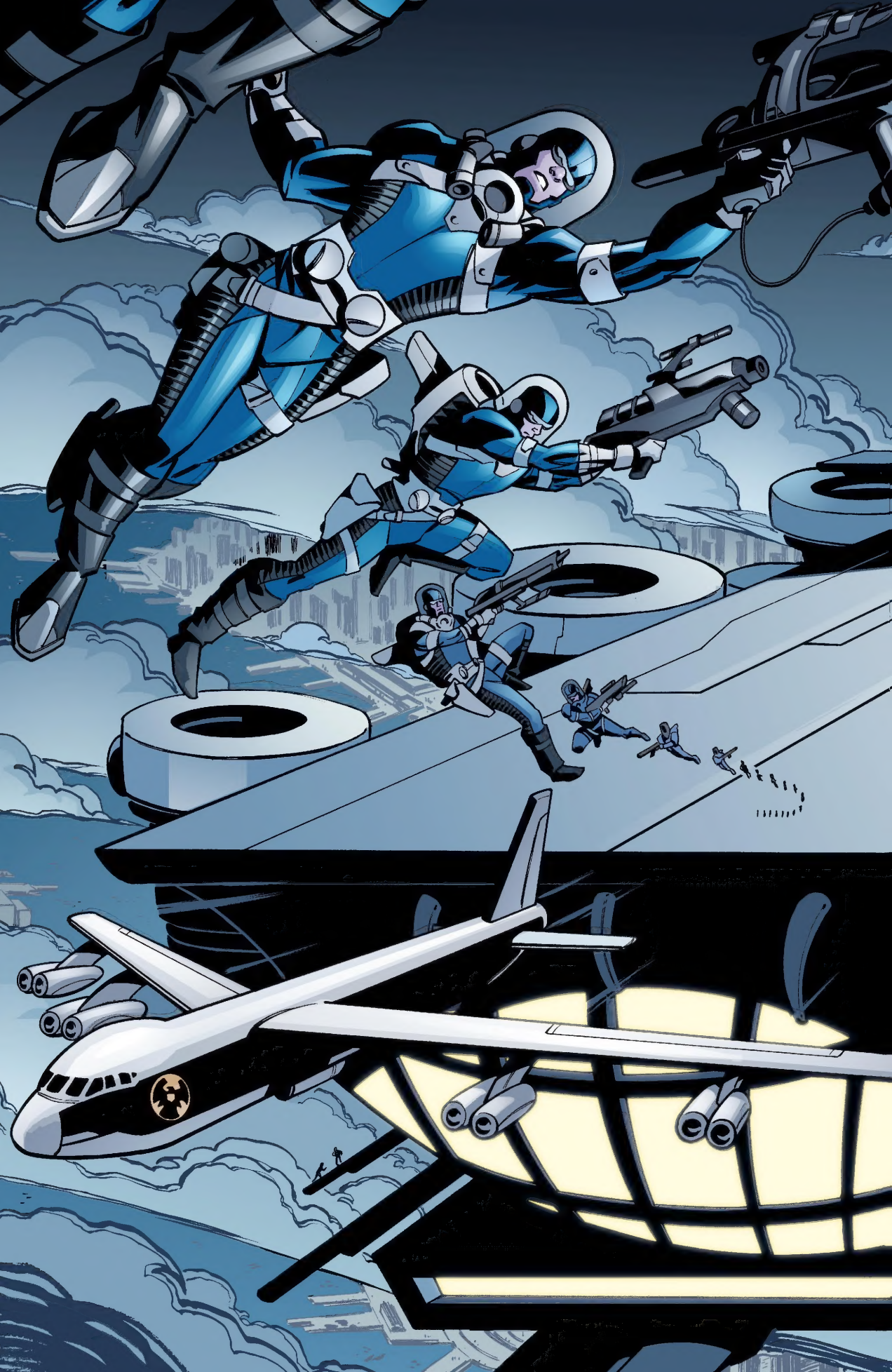
#1
SIGH
TWENTY-THREE SUPER-VILLAINS AND NOT ONE WALLET!

THE IRREDEEMABLE
ANT-MAN
POW!!
YOU WANT TO GIVE UP THE PURSE BEFORE OR AFTER I TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT ELSE IS ON THE MENU?
AND IF YOU SCREAM-- SO HELP ME, IF YOU SCREAM--I PROMISE I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO STAB YOU BEFORE I MAKE A RUN FOR IT.
P--P-- PLEASE--
KILL YOU--!!
KRAK!
THUD.
YOUR PURSE?

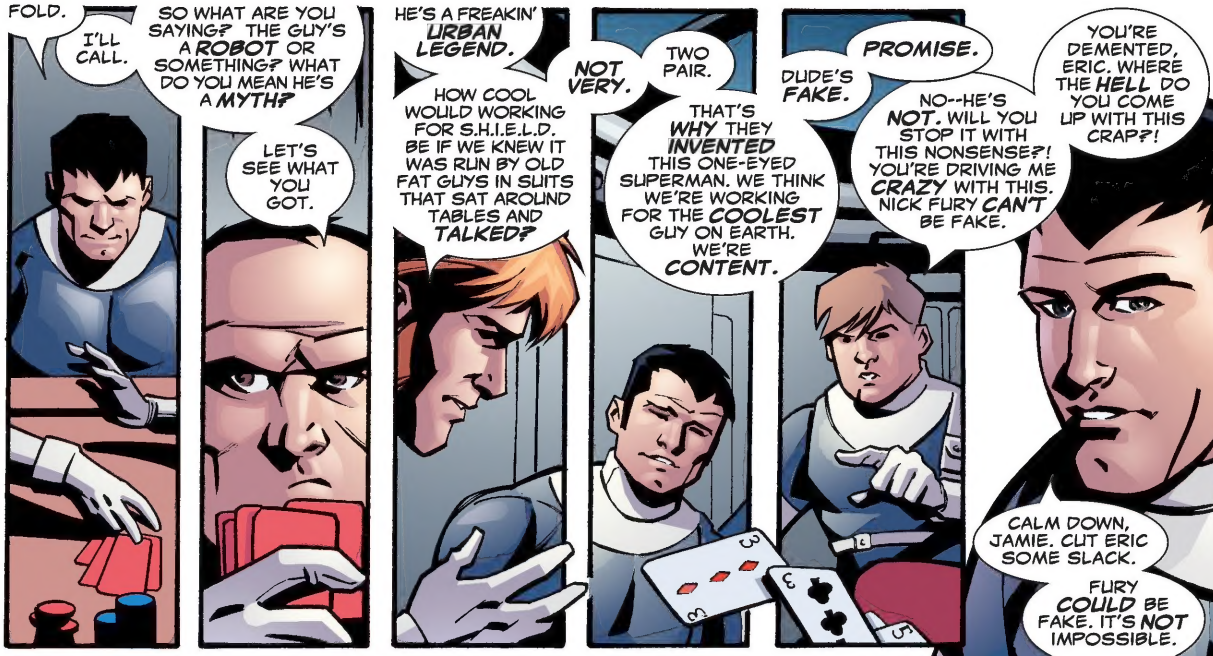
GO AHEAD, TAKE IT. IT'S YOURS--I DIDN'T PUT A BOMB IN IT OR ANYTHING.
I'M ANT-MAN--I CAN GET REALLY SMALL AND STUFF. THING IS, I'M STILL JUST AS STRONG WHEN I'M SMALL SO I WAS ABLE TO USE LEVERAGE TO--
TOO MUCH INFORMATION? TOO MUCH INFORMATION. I THOUGHT SO. HOW ARE YOU DOING?
I'M FINE--NOW.
YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.
I'VE GOT AN IDEA. HOW ABOUT YOU LET ME BUY YOU DINNER TONIGHT?
I DON'T--REALLY? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
UM, OKAY...
I GUESS.
GOOD. I'LL MEET YOU AT CROCKETT'S GRILL OVER ON SEVENTEENTH, AT SAY...EIGHT O'CLOCK? UNLESS CROCKETT'S IS TOO FANCY?
NO--SURE. I KNOW WHERE THAT IS. UM--HOW WILL I KNOW WHO YOU ARE?
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?! HOW DID YOU--?!
UM.
I'LL BE THE ONE IN THE ANT-MAN COSTUME.
REALLY?



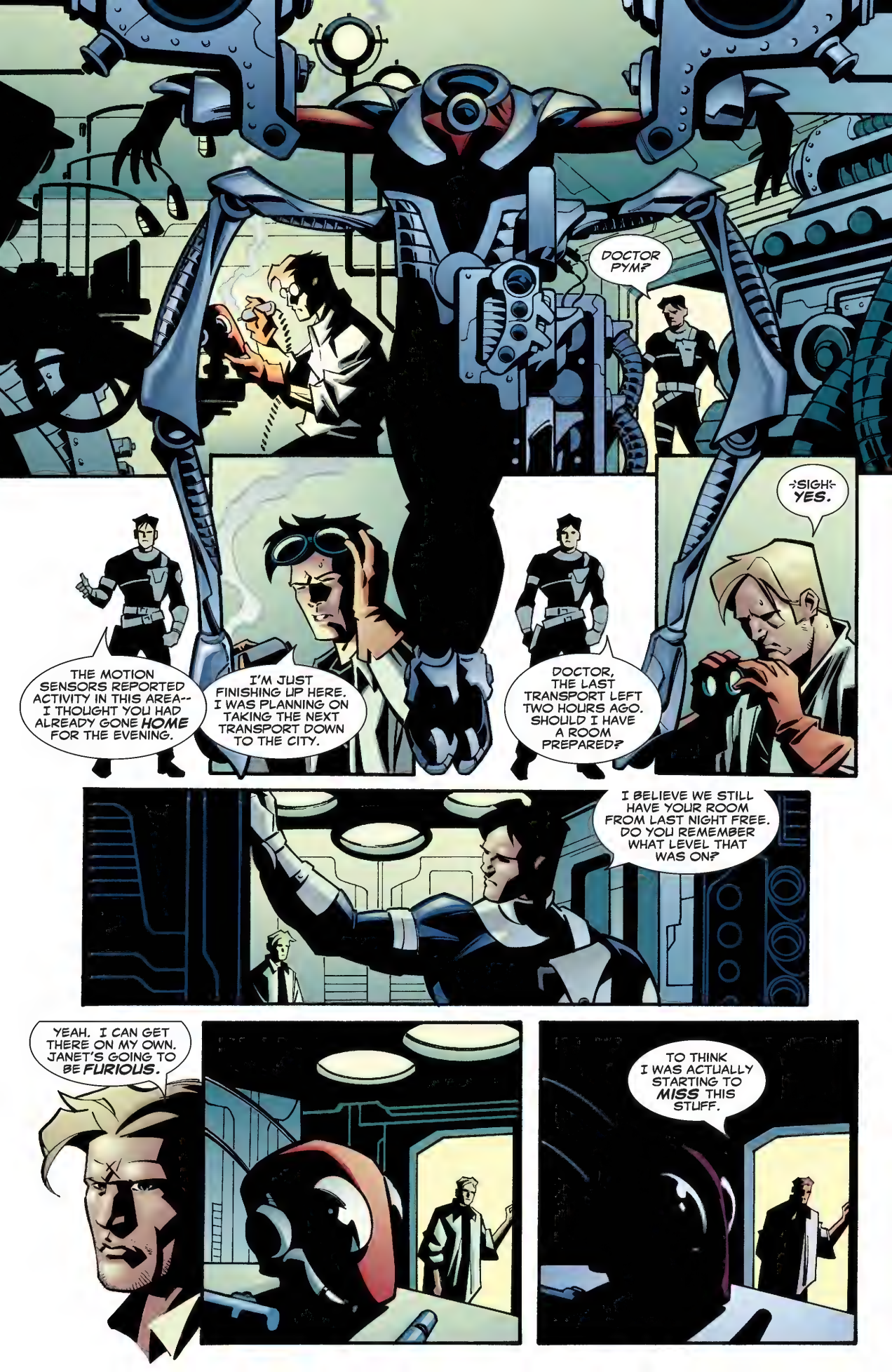
SIX MONTHS AGO...
HIGH ABOVE THE WORLD FLIES THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER, A HOVERING FORTRESS HOUSING THOUSANDS OF HIGHLY-TRAINED AGENTS READY TO GIVE THEIR LIVES TO PROTECT THE FREE WORLD.
"NICK FURY IS A WHAT?"

GIVE ME TWO.
LISTEN, GUYS--HAVE YOU SEEN HIM? I MEAN, WITH YOUR OWN EYES? IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM--HOW DO YOU KNOW HE'S REAL?
ONE.
DEALER TAKES TWO.
YOU'RE FULL OF IT, ERIC.

I'M TELLING YOU, NICK FURY IS AN URBAN MYTH.
THAT'S BULL. I HEARD THE GUY'S VOICE ONCE.
THAT COULD BE FAKED, MITCH--I'M NOT AGREEING WITH ERIC, BUT A VOICE COULD BE FAKED.
I'M BETTING TEN.
FOLD.
YOU ALWAYS FOLD, JAMIE.
I LOSE LESS MONEY THAT WAY, ERIC.
FAKING A VOICE, THOUGH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN "THAT COULD BE FAKED"? I CALL YOU ON THE PHONE AND TELL YOU I'M NICK FURY AND YOU'D THINK I WAS HIM.
VOICE DON'T MEAN SQUAT. HERE'S TEN AND I RAISE YOU FIVE.


FOLD.
I'LL CALL.
SO WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THE GUY'S A ROBOT OR SOMETHING? WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE'S A MYTH?
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT.
HE'S A FREAKIN' URBAN LEGEND.
HOW COOL WOULD WORKING FOR S.H.I.E.L.D. BE IF WE KNEW IT WAS RUN BY OLD FAT GUYS IN SUITS THAT SAT AROUND TABLES AND TALKED?
NOT VERY.
TWO PAIR.
THAT'S WHY THEY INVENTED THIS ONE-EYED SUPERMAN. WE THINK WE'RE WORKING FOR THE COOLEST GUY ON EARTH. WE'RE CONTENT.
DUDE'S FAKE.
PROMISE.
NO--HE'S NOT. WILL YOU STOP IT WITH THIS NONSENSE?! YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY WITH THIS. NICK FURY CAN'T BE FAKE.
YOU'RE DEMENTED, ERIC. WHERE THE HELL DO YOU COME UP WITH THIS CRAP?!
CALM DOWN, JAMIE. CUT ERIC SOME SLACK.
FURY COULD BE FAKE. IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

FRANK'S GOT JACK AND I'M HOLDING ANOTHER FULL HOUSE. SORRY, BOYS--IT MUST BE THE HOME FIELD ADVANTAGE.
THAT'S IT--NEXT TIME WE'RE PLAYING IN MY ROOM. I NEED ALL THE LUCK I CAN GET.
YOUR ROOM'S TOO SMALL--ALL OF OURS ARE. MITCH IS THE HIGHEST-RANKING AGENT AMONG US. HE'S GOT THE BIGGEST ROOM.
WHATEVER. LET ME KNOW WHEN WE'RE PLAYING NEXT--I'VE GOT TO WIN SOMETHING BACK. FOR TONIGHT, THOUGH--I'M TAPPED.
YEAH, IT'S LATE. WE SHOULD PROBABLY CALL IT A NIGHT. I'LL SETTLE UP WITH YOU TOMORROW, MITCH.
SURE, SURE. I KNOW YOU'RE GOOD FOR IT, CHRIS. ERIC--YOU GIVE ME YOUR MONEY TONIGHT.
MAN, YOU FORGET ONE DEBT FOR ONE WEEK AND YOU'RE MARKED FOR LIFE... YOU'RE A SHARK, MITCH.
YOU ONLY GET TO MESS UP WITH ME ONCE, ROOKIE. DON'T FORGET THAT.
MITCH--YOU GOT SOME SPECIAL TRICK--YOU RUB FURY'S EYEPATCH OR SOMETHING? COME ON--SPILL IT. HOW'D YOU GET SO LUCKY?
NO LUCK INVOLVED, FRANK. I CHEATED. AND HAVEN'T YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION? FURY'S NOT REAL.
RIGHT. OF COURSE. SEE YOU NEXT TIME.
GOOD NIGHT, MITCH.
CAREFUL ON YOUR WAY BACK TO YOUR ROOMS, NEWBIES. I'M SURE THERE'S A KILLER ROBOT OR A CRAZY SUPER-VILLAIN LOOSE ON ONE LEVEL OR ANOTHER.
WILL DO. THANKS, PAL.


DOCTOR PYM?
THE MOTION SENSORS REPORTED ACTIVITY IN THIS AREA-- I THOUGHT YOU HAD ALREADY GONE HOME FOR THE EVENING.
I'M JUST FINISHING UP HERE. I WAS PLANNING ON TAKING THE NEXT TRANSPORT DOWN TO THE CITY.
DOCTOR, THE LAST TRANSPORT LEFT TWO HOURS AGO. SHOULD I HAVE A ROOM PREPARED?
-SIGH- YES.
I BELIEVE WE STILL HAVE YOUR ROOM FROM LAST NIGHT FREE. DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT LEVEL THAT WAS ON?
YEAH. I CAN GET THERE ON MY OWN. JANET'S GOING TO BE FURIOUS.
TO THINK I WAS ACTUALLY STARTING TO MISS THIS STUFF.

AFTER A SHORT NIGHT OF SLEEP--EARLY THE NEXT MORNING.
ERIC! WAKE UP!
ERIC--WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WE'RE DUE FOR SURVEILLANCE DUTY IN TEN MINUTES.
I'M UP--I'M UP. JEEZ, CHRIS, HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE ANYWAY?
I GOT THE ACCESS CODE FROM MITCH. YOU CAN THANK HIM LATER.
NOW COME ON-- YOU CAN'T BE LATE AGAIN.
MOMENTS LATER, WE FIND OUR LOWLY AGENTS IN THE SURVEILLANCE CENTER. THIS IS THEIR CURRENT DETAIL, MONITORING THOUSANDS OF HOURS OF FOOTAGE FROM SATELLITES, LOOKING FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.
O'GRADY AND MCCARTHY--ALMOST LATE. O'GRADY-- YOU'VE ALREADY GOT A WARNING. I'D HATE TO HAVE TO DEMERIT YOU.
AGENT MCCARTHY, DO YOURSELF A FAVOR, STOP LETTING THIS ONE BRING YOU DOWN.
ON TIME IS ON TIME, SIR. THERE'RE NO VARYING DEGREES. WE'RE HERE AND WE'RE READY TO WORK.
MORNING, VERONICA.
ERIC.
WE STILL ON FOR TONIGHT, CHRIS?
WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD.

WE NOW RETURN TO HENRY PYM'S LAB, WHERE HE BEGINS A NEW DAY OF WORK, DESTINED TO BE AS LONG AS THE LAST.
I APPRECIATE YOU MEN VOLUNTEERING WITHOUT KNOWING MANY DETAILS OF THE PROGRAM. IT SHOWS A LOT OF DEDICATION AND I ASSURE YOU--YOU'LL ALL BE COMMENDED FOR THE GESTURE ALONE, EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT PICKED.
THAT SAID, I ONLY NEED ONE OF YOU.
I'M SURE YOU ALL KNOW WHO I AM. ANT-MAN, GIANT-MAN, GOLIATH, YELLOW JACKET--FORMER AVENGER. I'VE BEEN CONTRACTED TO USE MY SIZE-ALTERING EXPERTISE TO DEVELOP A NEW ANT-MAN FOR S.H.I.E.L.D. ONE OF YOU IS GOING TO BE THAT ANT-MAN.
YOU'LL BE SENT BEHIND ENEMY LINES AT MICROSCOPIC SIZE FOR VARIOUS OPERATIONS--BUT I'M GETTING A LITTLE AHEAD OF MYSELF.
THE SUIT IS DONE--WE JUST NEED ONE OF YOU TO TEST IT--AS AN AUDITION OF SORTS FOR THE ANT-MAN POSITION.
LET'S GET STARTED.

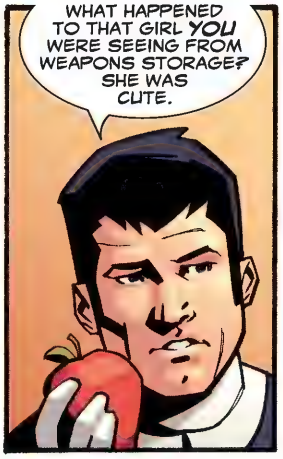
LATER THAT DAY, IN THE CAFETERIA.
THANKS.

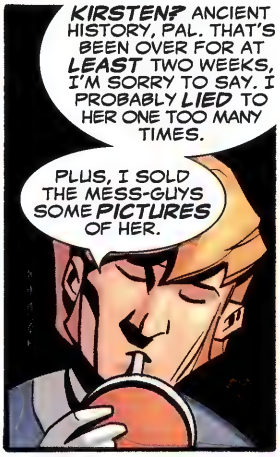
HOW'D YOU GET THROUGH THE LINE SO FAST?
I DON'T KNOW--LUCK?

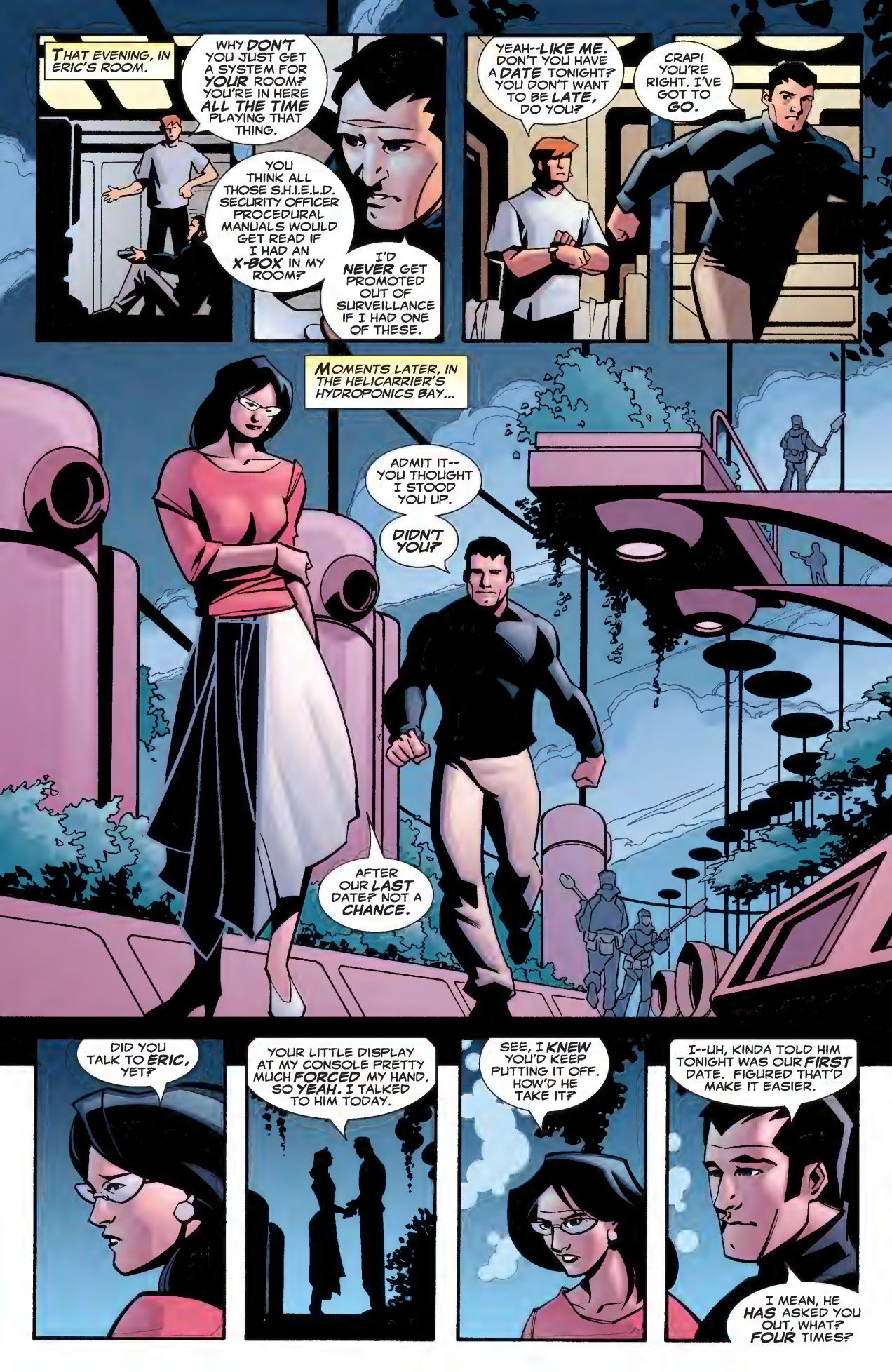
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A THING FOR VERONICA. WHEN'D THAT HAPPEN?

I THOUGHT EVERYONE HAD A THING FOR VERONICA. SHE ASKED ME OUT YESTERDAY. WHY DO YOU ASK?

JEALOUS?
YEAH. OF COURSE I'M JEALOUS.


WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT GIRL YOU WERE SEEING FROM WEAPONS STORAGE? SHE WAS CUTE.


KIRSTEN? ANCIENT HISTORY, PAL. THAT'S BEEN OVER FOR AT LEAST TWO WEEKS, I'M SORRY TO SAY. I PROBABLY LIED TO HER ONE TOO MANY TIMES.
PLUS, I SOLD THE MESS-GUYS SOME PICTURES OF HER.


THAT EVENING, IN ERIC'S ROOM.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST GET A SYSTEM FOR YOUR ROOM? YOU'RE IN HERE ALL THE TIME PLAYING THAT THING.
YOU THINK ALL THOSE S.H.I.E.L.D. SECURITY OFFICER PROCEDURAL MANUALS WOULD GET READ IF I HAD AN X-BOX IN MY ROOM?
I'D NEVER GET PROMOTED OUT OF SURVEILLANCE IF I HAD ONE OF THESE.
YEAH--LIKE ME. DON'T YOU HAVE A DATE TONIGHT? YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LATE, DO YOU?
CRAP! YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE GOT TO GO.
MOMENTS LATER, IN THE HELICARRIER'S HYDROPONICS BAY...
ADMIT IT-- YOU THOUGHT I STOOD YOU UP.
DIDN'T YOU?
AFTER OUR LAST DATE? NOT A CHANCE.
DID YOU TALK TO ERIC, YET?
YOUR LITTLE DISPLAY AT MY CONSOLE PRETTY MUCH FORCED MY HAND, SO YEAH. I TALKED TO HIM TODAY.
SEE, I KNEW YOU'D KEEP PUTTING IT OFF. HOW'D HE TAKE IT?
I--UH, KINDA TOLD HIM TONIGHT WAS OUR FIRST DATE. FIGURED THAT'D MAKE IT EASIER.
I MEAN, HE HAS ASKED YOU OUT, WHAT? FOUR TIMES?

TWICE. IF IT HAD BEEN FOUR TIMES, I WOULD HAVE TRANSFERRED.
OUCH. ERIC'S A GOOD GUY. HE'S JUST TERRIBLE WITH WOMEN. I THINK IT'S A RESPECT THING, AS IN, HE DOESN'T.
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIS FACE WHEN I SAID YOU ASKED ME OUT.
OKAY, STOP. NOW THIS IS GETTING MEAN. LET'S TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.
OKAY, FINE. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE WHO I WALKED BY ON THE WAY HERE.
THE EVIL TONY STARK, Y'KNOW, IRON MAN?
THAT'S JUST A RUMOR, AND STARK ISN'T EVEN IRON MAN ANY MORE-- HEALTH REASONS OR SOMETHING.
SURE, SURE. LISTEN, I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT THIS GUY FROM MY FRIEND MITCH, WHO WORKS SECURITY. HE'S BEING KEPT IN STASIS HERE BECAUSE HE'S SO DANGEROUS.
APPARENTLY, HE KILLED THE HUMAN TORCH IN HIS DIMENSION--BUT NOT BEFORE THE TORCH MELTED THE TOP OF HIS FACE.
THEN TONIGHT, THERE'S THIS GUY IN THE HALLWAY, IN SHACKLES, BEING ESCORTED BY TWO SECURITY OFFICERS. HE LOOKS JUST LIKE TONY STARK BUT...THE TOP OF HIS FACE IS MELTED. IT HAD TO BE HIM.
YEESH--WHAT'S THAT LOOK LIKE?
HIS FACE, YOU MEAN? NASTY. KINDA LIKE FREDDY KRUEGER.
I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS.
REALLY? YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE TO RENT SOME MOVIES IF WE'RE EVER ABLE TO TAKE LEAVE TOGETHER.
ANYWAY--IT WAS NASTY--LIKE MELTED CHEESE.
OKAY--I'VE OFFICIALLY HAD TO END TWO SUBJECTS FOR YOU.
AND FOR THE RECORD, THIS DATE IS NOT GOING WELL. AT LEAST, NOT SO FAR.
SORRY, I'VE ALWAYS HAD A BIT OF A SOFT SPOT FOR SUPER HERO STUFF. I'VE WANTED TO BE ONE SINCE I WAS SIX--ERIC STILL MAKES FUN OF ME FOR IT.
GOSH--IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMETHING WE DID TOGETHER THAT WE WERE REALLY GOOD AT AND BOTH ENJOYED, THAT COULD SOMEHOW SAVE THIS EVENING...
YOUR PLACE OR MINE?
AFTER THE MESS WE MADE IN MY ROOM LAST TIME?
YOUR PLACE.

THE NEXT DAY, BACK IN THE SURVEILLANCE CENTER.
WELL? HOW'D IT GO LAST NIGHT?
I TOLD YOU--I'M NOT TELLING YOU A DAMN THING. JUST GIVE UP.
O'GRADY AND MCCARTHY! CUT THE CHATTER, AGENTS. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR.
ERIC, CHRIS...
...IN MY OFFICE.
...BASICALLY, THERE'S SOME CLASSIFIED BUSINESS GOING DOWN IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HELICARRIER AND I'VE GOT TO PULL SOME SECURITY AGENTS OFF A GUARD DETAIL.
IF ANYONE NOTICES THIS DOOR ISN'T BEING GUARDED, I'M IN HOT WATER--IF SAID CLASSIFIED BUSINESS GOES SOUTH BECAUSE I DIDN'T DIVERT ENOUGH MANPOWER TO IT--HOT WATER ALSO.
SO I'M DAMNED IF I DO AND DAMNED IF I DON'T.
MY SOLUTION? HAVING YOU LOSERS STAND GUARD FOR ME--POSING AS SECURITY AGENTS.
I'M NOT SURE WE'RE QUALIFIED TO--
YOU'RE NOT QUALIFIED TO DO NOTHING? BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO. HOLD RIFLES AND STAND NEXT TO A DOOR--I.E. NOTHING.
KEEP IN MIND--YOU WANT TO IMPRESS ME. I KNOW NEITHER OF YOU WANTS TO WORK SURVEILLANCE FOREVER--IF YOU WANT TO BE A SECURITY AGENT, I'M A GOOD FRIEND TO HAVE.
GIVING ME YOUR MONEY ON POKER NIGHT WILL ONLY GET YOU SO FAR.
GOOD. FELLAS, HERE'RE YOUR STAND-INS. GIVE THEM THE GUNS AND LET'S GO. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
UH. THANKS.

SO...?

"SO", WHAT?

YOU SUPPOSE WE'RE KEEPING PEOPLE OUT OF THIS ROOM, OR IN IT? I MEAN, MITCH SAID WE'RE JUST STANDING GUARD--AND WE SHOULDN'T REALLY HAVE TO DO ANYTHING...
BUT JUST IN CASE, Y'KNOW?

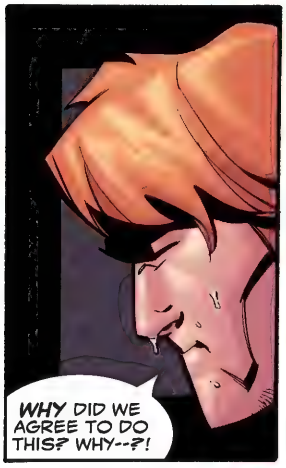
I HADN'T REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT. THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN GOOD INFORMATION TO HAVE.
CRAP.

UH... ALONG THOSE LINES--DO YOU KNOW HOW TO FIRE ONE OF THESE THINGS? BECAUSE I DON'T--THERE'S A LITTLE MORE TO THESE THINGS THAN JUST PULLING THE TRIGGER. I KNOW THAT MUCH, AT LEAST.

I THINK WE SHOULD STOP THINKING NOW.

WE ARE TOTALLY SCREWED.

DO YOU THINK WE COULD GET DISCHARGED FOR THIS?
IF MITCH NEEDS TO COVER HIS ASS? YEAH.


WHY DID WE AGREE TO DO THIS? WHY--?!

OH, JEEZ!
OH, JEEZ!
SHH!!

PSSH!

WHACK!!
WHY DID YOU GO AND DO THAT?!
I DON'T KNOW! DON'T YELL AT ME!! JUST HELP ME GET HIM INSIDE!!
OH, JEEZ, ERIC. I REALLY THINK WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTING THIS GUY--LOOK AT THIS LAB.
YOU'RE NOT MAKING THIS EASIER!
DO THESE DOORS HAVE LOCKS ON THEM?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?! MITCH IS GOING TO KILL US!
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING. WHAT DO YOU MEAN "US"?
THIS IS WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO. WE'RE GOING TO CALM DOWN, AND WE'RE GOING TO WAIT. I BET YOU A MILLION DOLLARS THE NEXT PERSON TO COME IN HERE IS MITCH, CHECKING UP ON US.
WHEN HE GETS HERE--HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO. SO WE WAIT.
WAIT A MINUTE...
WHAT'S THAT?

NO CLUE. PRETTY COOL THOUGH.
MAN--THAT TOTALLY LOOKS LIKE A FREAKIN' SUPER HERO COSTUME. YOU SHOULD TRY IT ON. IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO LIVE YOUR DREAM. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET ANOTHER SHOT AT THAT?
I THINK WE'RE IN ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS.
WHATEVER--HOW MUCH MORE TROUBLE COULD WE BE IN? I JUST KILLED SOME SUPER-SCIENTIST--
HE'S NOT DEAD.
WHATEVER. TRY IT ON, MAN. YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO.
OKAY--YOU'RE RIGHT--THIS IS COOL. MAN--I KNOW I'M GOING TO REGRET THIS IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS, BUT RIGHT NOW, PUTTING THIS THING ON IS THE BEST DECISION I COULD'VE MADE.
I FEEL LIKE IRON MAN OR SOMETHING--CHECK IT OUT.
HOLD ON. I THINK TAKING IT OFF IS GOING TO BE THE HARD PA--
NO KIDDING--HEY, TAKE THAT STUFF OFF SO I CAN TRY IT ON.

ELSEWHERE...
"DO YOU THINK WE REALLY NEED ALL THESE MEN, SUB-DIRECTOR DUGAN?"
"IF YOU SAW THE THINGS WOLVERINE DID WHILE HE WAS UNDER HYDRA'S CONTROL, YOU'D REQUEST MORE MEN.*
"TRUST ME, MITCH."
*FOR MORE ON WOLVERINE'S TIME UNDER HYDRA'S CONTROL, SEE WOLVERINE: ENEMY OF THE STATE. AVAILABLE IN BOTH TRADE PAPERBACK AND HARDCOVER.

UNTIL WE GET THIS MAN DEPROGRAMMED, I WANT EVERYONE ON FULL ALERT. WITH ALL THIS INCREASED HYDRA ACTIVITY-- THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN.
YES, SIR. I'LL INFORM MY MEN OF THE SITUATION.
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN WOLVERINE UP CLOSE BEFORE, HAVE YOU?
NO, SIR.

LATER, WE FIND ERIC O'GRADY, TUCKED AWAY IN HIS ROOM, MAKING ASTUTE OBSERVATIONS OF HIS SITUATION.
I'M TOTALLY SCREWED.
I'M TOTALLY SCREWED.
I'M TOTALLY SCREW--
PSSH!
WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?!
MITCH--I DON'T KNOW--I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO USE THE GUN, SO I BASHED THE SCIENTIST IN THE FACE WITH IT--AND THEN CHRIS PUT ON THE TELEPORTATION SUIT AND DISAPPEARED!!
SO CHRIS HAS THE SUIT?! WHERE IS HE NOW?!
I DON'T KNOW--I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD.
HE'S NOT DEAD--HE'S MICROSCOPIC, OR DAMN NEAR IT. THAT WAS A NEW ANT-MAN SUIT HANK PYM IS DEVELOPING FOR S.H.I.E.L.D. THE TOP BRASS THINKS A ROGUE AGENT STOLE IT.
THE ONLY AGENTS THAT KNOW ABOUT IT, ASIDE FROM A FEW KEY PLAYERS, ARE THE MEN THEY SELECTED TO TRY OUT FOR THE DETAIL--THEY'RE THE SUSPECTS RIGHT NOW.
I WAS ONE OF THOSE AGENTS!
WOW, REALLY? CONGRATULATIONS, MITCH.
THANKS.
I WAS TRYING TO BUTTER PYM UP BY PUTTING EXTRA GUARDS ON HIM--KEEPING THE PROJECT SAFE. I WASN'T PLANNING ON IT BACKFIRING LIKE THIS.
SORRY... REALLY, MAN...
YOU JUST BETTER HOPE CHRIS FINDS US BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE FINDS HIM.
SO YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME?
LET'S JUST SAY SOMEBODY'S HEAD IS GOING TO ROLL FOR THIS, AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE MINE.
OKAY, SO WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT WHILE I FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO...AND WATCH WHERE YOU STEP.

MEANWHILE, CHRIS MCCARTHY--OUR UNLUCKY, ACCIDENTAL ANT-MAN--HAS MADE HIS WAY OUT OF PYM'S LAB INTO THE VENTILATION SYSTEM.
THANKS FOR RUNNING, ERIC... YOU COWARD. WHAT THE HELL AM I GOING TO DO NOW?
WHEN I FIND HIM--I'M GOING TO CRAWL IN HIS EAR AND KICK HIM IN THE BRAIN.
WHOA!
WHOOSH!!
CLICK.
CLUNK!!
WRAMM!!
THOOM!!
THIS IS BEING A SUPER HERO?
THIS SUCKS.

THE NEXT EVENING, AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK IN THE SURVEILLANCE CENTER MONITORING THE MOST INSIGNIFICANT EVENTS TAKING PLACE IN THE WORLD BELOW, ERIC IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO HIS QUARTERS.
STILL NO SIGN OF CHRIS.
HEY, ERIC-- HOLD UP.
OH--HEY, VERONICA. HOW'S IT GOING?
HAVE YOU SEEN CHRIS? HE WASN'T AT HIS STATION ALL DAY AND HE'S NOT IN HIS QUARTERS. DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS?
NOPE, SORRY. NO CLUE.
WAIT--YOU DON'T THINK THAT'S A LITTLE ODD? THIS IS A BIG PLACE, YES, BUT THERE'RE NOT A LOT OF OTHER PLACES HE GOES WITHOUT EITHER OF US.
HE COULDN'T HAVE JUST TAKEN LEAVE WITHOUT TELLING US.
I'M TELLING YOU, VERONICA, I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE HE IS.
WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU SAW HIM?
JUST-- COME INSIDE, OKAY?
JEEZ.
OKAY, ERIC, WHAT IS GOING ON?
HE'S ON A CLASSIFIED MISSION. I CAN'T REALLY TELL YOU MORE THAN THAT BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE.
IS THAT WHY YOU GUYS WERE PULLED OUT OF SURVEILLANCE YESTERDAY? WHY DIDN'T YOU GO, TOO?
YEAH, THAT WAS IT...AND, UH, I DIDN'T MAKE THE CUT.
IMAGINE THAT.

THANKS.
SO YOU HAVE NO CLUE WHAT HE'S DOING OR WHERE HE IS?
HE COULD BE ZIPPING AROUND ON A JET PACK WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA FOR ALL I KNOW. HONEST.
JEEZ, THAT DOESN'T EASE MY MIND AT ALL. YOU'RE MAKING ME WORRY MORE.
I GUESS THIS WOULD BE AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO ADMIT TO YOU THAT CHRIS AND I HAVE BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER FOR A WHILE.
HE THOUGHT YOU'D BE UPSET FOR SOME REASON, HE DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU.
REALLY? I HAD NO CLUE.
ACTUALLY, THAT MAKES NO SENSE. I MEAN, THE ONE DATE WAS WEIRD ENOUGH, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HE'D BEEN SEEING YOU ON A REGULAR BASIS.
WHAT? WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?
WELL, THIS IS KINDA AWKWARD. IT'S JUST THAT HE'S BEEN WITH KIRSTEN OVER IN WEAPONS STORAGE FOR ALMOST TWO MONTHS NOW.
HE HAS?!
OH, ERIC...
...YOU DUPLICITOUS @#%&!

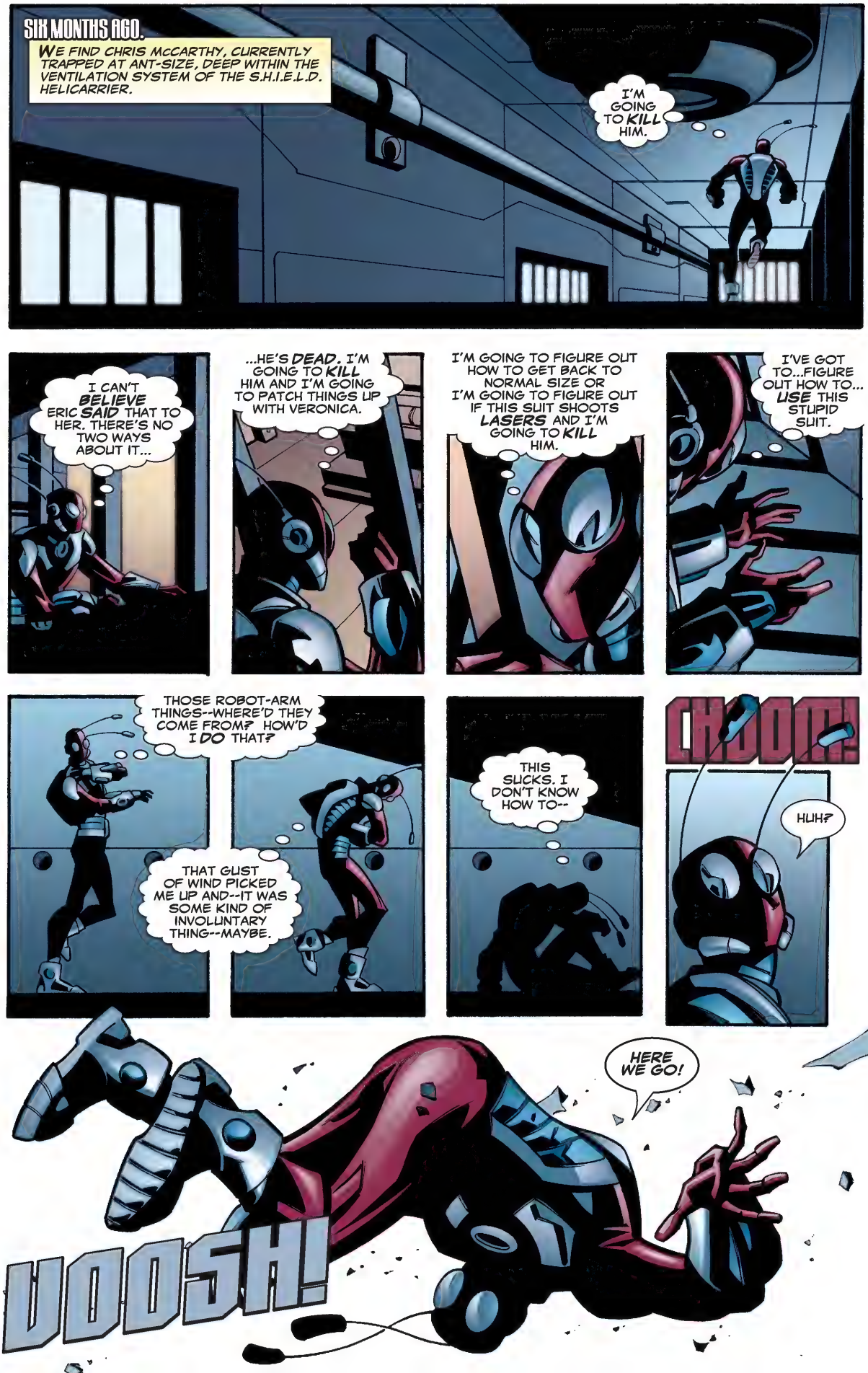
NOW.
CROCKETT'S GRILL, WHERE THE WOMAN ANT-MAN SAVED EARLIER IN THE DAY SITS-- AWAITING HIS ARRIVAL.
YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK I WAS GOING TO WEAR THE COSTUME, DID YOU?
HI, I'M ERIC O'GRADY, ANT-MAN.
CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?

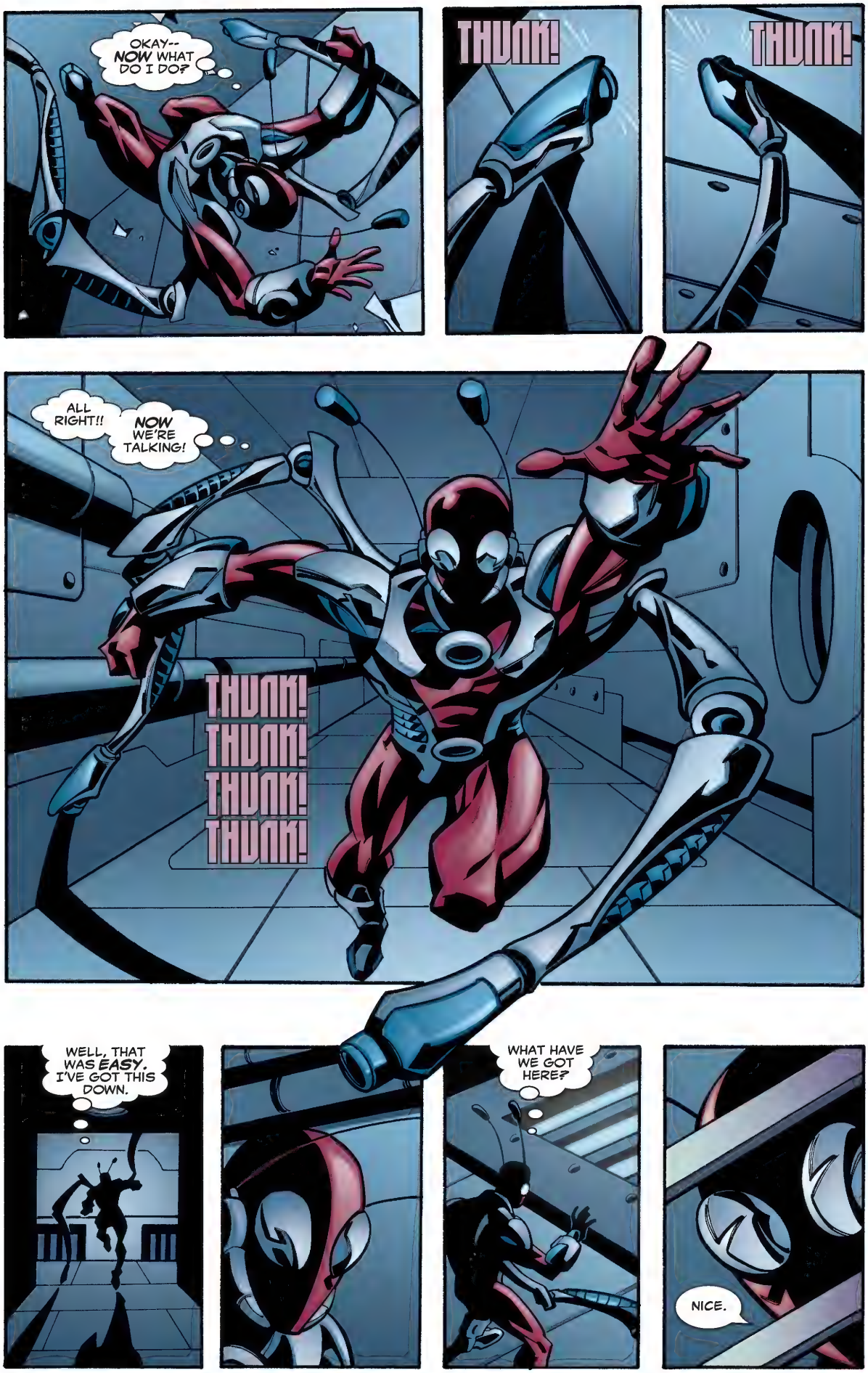
#2

SIX MONTHS AGO, NEWBIE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS ERIC O'GRADY AND CHRIS MCCARTHY WERE ASKED TO PROTECT HANK PYM WHILE THE SECURITY AGENTS ASSIGNED TO HIM WERE PULLED AWAY FOR ANOTHER MATTER.
INSTEAD THEY ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED PYM OUT AND PROCEEDED TO "BORROW" HIS NEW ANT-MAN ARMOR.
NOW CHRIS IS TRAPPED IN THE ARMOR, SHRUNK TO THE SIZE OF A CASHEW AND LOST IN THE VENTILATION SYSTEM OF THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER.
ERIC IS USING THIS OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE TIME WITH CHRIS' GIRLFRIEND, VERONICA. ERIC IS SORT OF A DIRTBAG.
MEANWHILE, IN THE PRESENT, ERIC O'GRADY IS USING THE ANT-MAN ARMOR TO PICK UP CHICKS.
I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET A TABLE.
I WAITED AT LEAST TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE YOU EVEN GOT HERE. I HOPE THE FOOD IS WORTH IT.

SHOCK & AWE

MY NAME IS BETH, BY THE WAY.
RIGHT, BETH. SORRY. DID I FORGET TO ASK?
YEAH, YOU TOLD ME YOUR NAME EARLIER--DIDN'T ASK MINE. IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL.
SORRY ABOUT THAT. HEY, LOOK... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TURN THIS INTO AN EVEN MORE AWKWARD MOMENT. I DON'T HAVE MY WALLET.
YOU DON'T HAVE A WALLET?
I LOST MY WALLET.
YOU LOST YOUR WALLET?
YEAH--AND I WAS GOING TO STOP AT THE BANK AND GET SOME CASH BEFORE I CAME, BUT I HAD TO SAVE THIS GIRL FROM A BURNING BUILDING.
YOU HAD TO SAVE A LITTLE GIRL?
I DON'T KNOW IF I'D CALL HER "LITTLE."
THE WORD I WOULD USE, TO BE KIND, IS "HEAVY." I HAD TO SAVE A HEAVY GIRL FROM A BURNING BUILDING. SWEET KID, THOUGH.
WELL, I--LOOK, YOU PROBABLY SAVED MY LIFE TODAY. I'LL PAY. I'D LOVE TO BUY YOU DINNER.
THANK YOU. I TELL YOU WHAT. I'LL MAKE SURE I GET THE NEXT ONE.
CAN I GET YOUR DRINK ORDERS?
I'M GOING TO HAVE SOME WINE--A NICE WHITE WINE, PLEASE. OH, AND WE'RE GOING TO GET AN APPETIZER. UH... OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER.
EXCELLENT CHOICE, SIR. AND YOU, MADAM?
UH...JUST WATER FOR ME, THANKS.
WAS THE WINE TOO MUCH? I'M SORRY. I CAN EASILY CANCEL THE ORDER.
NO, NO...ABSOLUTELY NOT. MY TREAT IS MY TREAT.
SO TELL ME. ANT-MAN--HOW'D YOU END UP DOING THAT?
OH, THAT?
THAT'S A LONG STORY.


SIX MONTHS AGO.
WE FIND CHRIS MCCARTHY, CURRENTLY TRAPPED AT ANT-SIZE, DEEP WITHIN THE VENTILATION SYSTEM OF THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER.
I'M GOING TO KILL HIM.
I CAN'T BELIEVE ERIC SAID THAT TO HER. THERE'S NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT...
...HE'S DEAD. I'M GOING TO KILL HIM AND I'M GOING TO PATCH THINGS UP WITH VERONICA.
I'M GOING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET BACK TO NORMAL SIZE OR I'M GOING TO FIGURE OUT IF THIS SUIT SHOOTS LASERS AND I'M GOING TO KILL HIM.
I'VE GOT TO...FIGURE OUT HOW TO... USE THIS STUPID SUIT.
THOSE ROBOT-ARM THINGS--WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? HOW'D I DO THAT?
THAT GUST OF WIND PICKED ME UP AND--IT WAS SOME KIND OF INVOLUNTARY THING--MAYBE.
THIS SUCKS. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO--
CHOOM!
HUH?
HERE WE GO!
VOOSH!


OKAY-- NOW WHAT DO I DO?
THUNK!
THUNK!
ALL RIGHT!!
NOW WE'RE TALKING!
THUNK!
THUNK!
THUNK!
THUNK!
WELL, THAT WAS EASY. I'VE GOT THIS DOWN.
WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE?
NICE.

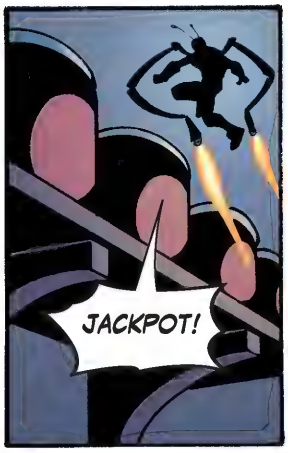
I WAS STARTING TO GET HUNGRY.

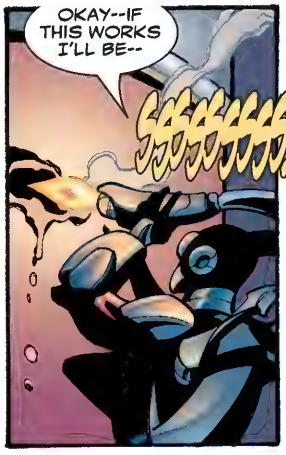
SCREW IT. I'M LIGHT ENOUGH THAT THE FALL WON'T HURT ME. I'VE GOT TO EAT.

SO FAR, SO GOOD.

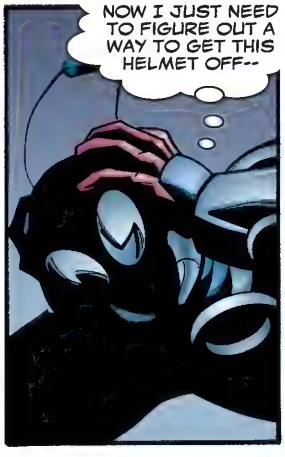
FWOOSH

THIS JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER.

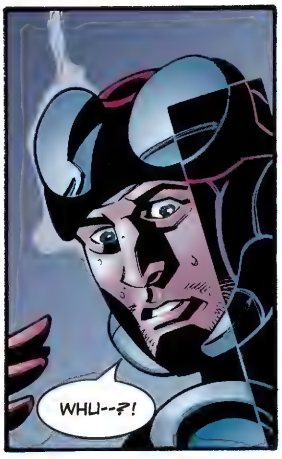

JACKPOT!

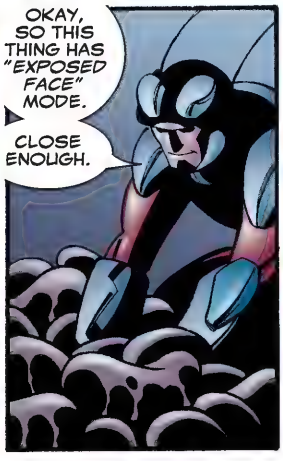

OKAY--IF THIS WORKS I'LL BE--
SSSSSSSSS!

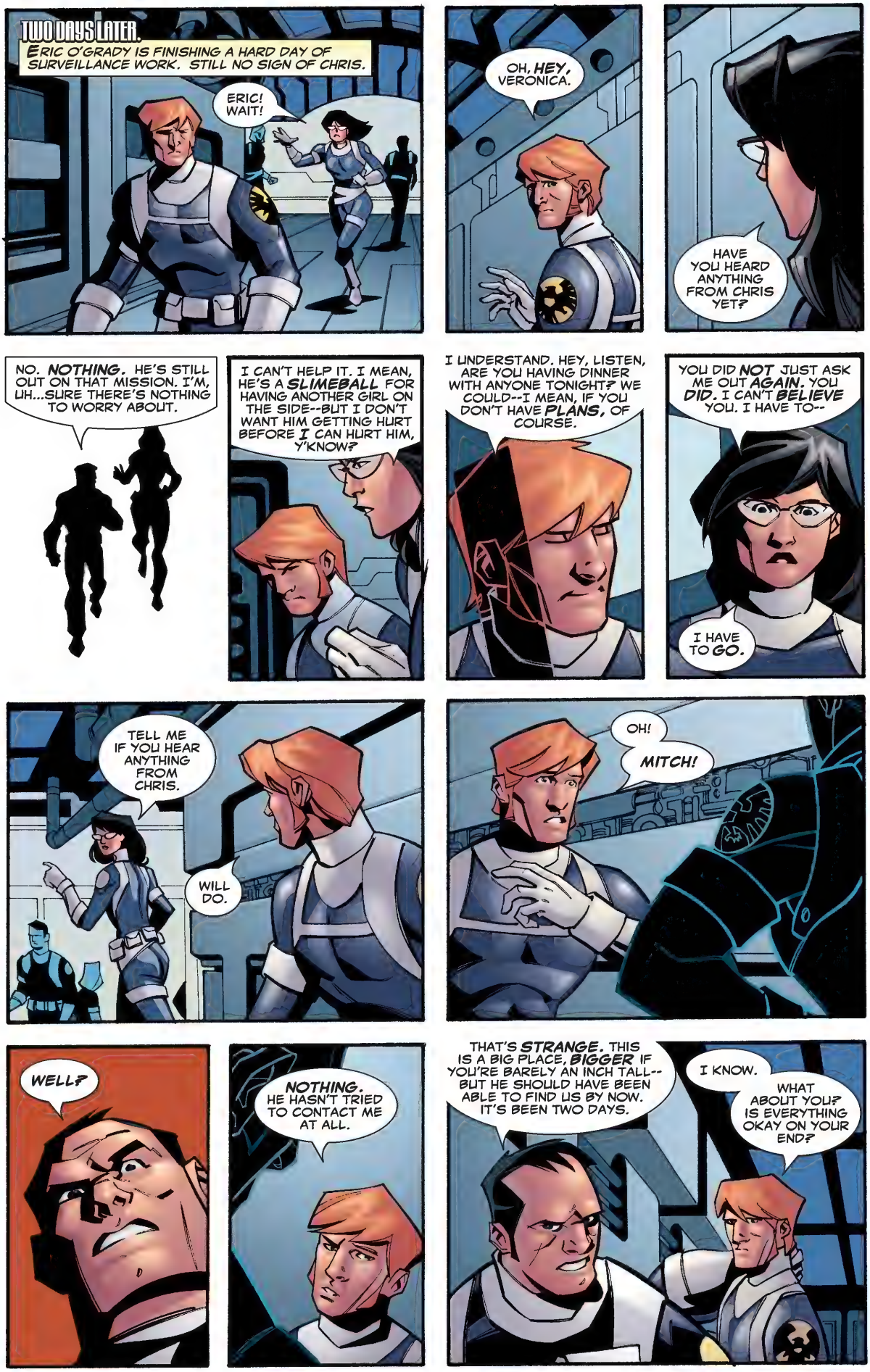
WOW. I MIGHT ACTUALLY SURVIVE THIS.


NOW I JUST NEED TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET THIS HELMET OFF--

T.E.H.


WHU--?!


OKAY, SO THIS THING HAS "EXPOSED FACE" MODE.
CLOSE ENOUGH.

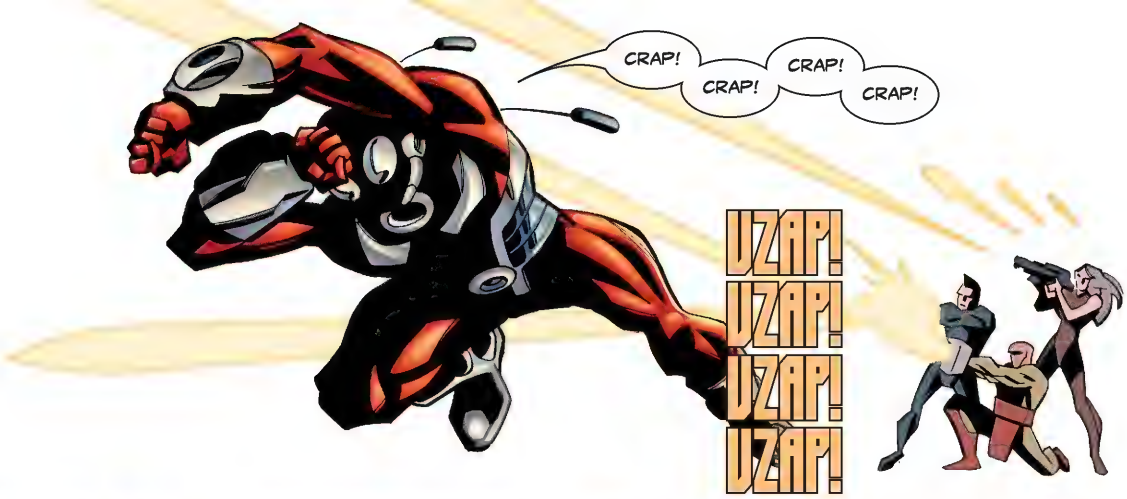

TWO DAYS LATER.
ERIC O'GRADY IS FINISHING A HARD DAY OF SURVEILLANCE WORK. STILL NO SIGN OF CHRIS.
ERIC! WAIT!
OH, HEY, VERONICA.
HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING FROM CHRIS YET?
NO. NOTHING. HE'S STILL OUT ON THAT MISSION. I'M, UH...SURE THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
I CAN'T HELP IT. I MEAN, HE'S A SLIMEBALL FOR HAVING ANOTHER GIRL ON THE SIDE--BUT I DON'T WANT HIM GETTING HURT BEFORE I CAN HURT HIM, Y'KNOW?
I UNDERSTAND. HEY, LISTEN, ARE YOU HAVING DINNER WITH ANYONE TONIGHT? WE COULD--I MEAN, IF YOU DON'T HAVE PLANS, OF COURSE.
YOU DID NOT JUST ASK ME OUT AGAIN. YOU DID. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU. I HAVE TO--
I HAVE TO GO.
TELL ME IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING FROM CHRIS.
WILL DO.
OH!
MITCH!
WELL?
NOTHING. HE HASN'T TRIED TO CONTACT ME AT ALL.
THAT'S STRANGE. THIS IS A BIG PLACE, BIGGER IF YOU'RE BARELY AN INCH TALL--BUT HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND US BY NOW. IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS.
I KNOW.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? IS EVERYTHING OKAY ON YOUR END?

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. THE TOP BRASS HAS BEEN SO CONCERNED WITH THIS WOLVERINE SITUATION--THEY'VE SPENT THE LAST TWO DAYS TRYING TO GET RID OF HIS HYDRA REPROGRAMMING.
THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT A MISSING ANT-MAN SUIT.
WOLVERINE THING? HYDRA?
FORGET I SAID ANYTHING.
SERIOUSLY. OR I'LL HAVE TO CUT IT OUT OF YOUR BRAIN LATER.
CONSIDER IT FORGOTTEN.
SO WHAT NOW?
KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND--FIGURATIVELY AND LITERALLY. WE NEED TO FIND CHRIS BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE DOES.
I REFUSE TO LOSE MY JOB OVER THIS.
HOLD ON.
I'M GETTING A TRANSMISSION.
WHAT IS IT? AND WHEN DO I GET ONE OF THOSE LITTLE EARPIECES?
SHH.
GET TO YOUR ROOM AND LOCK IT UP. STAY LOW TO THE FLOOR. HIDE UNDER YOUR BED--IN YOUR CLOSET.
WHATEVER.
WHAT?! WHY?!
WE HAVE A LEVEL-ONE EMERGENCY. ALL ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL REPORT TO YOUR STATIONS. NON-ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL ARE TO REMAIN IN QUARTERS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
BRRRT! BRRRT!
WHAT IS GOING ON?!
JUST GO!!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!!

OUTSIDE.
FIVE MILES OVER ARKANSAS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I GOT LOST.
AT LEAST I HAVE PLENTY OF FOO--
WHOA!
CHOOM!
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!
WHAT IS GOING ON?!
HOLY CRAP!

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
UZAP!
HERE GOES NOTHING!
I HOPE THIS WORKS!
VOOSH!!
AGGGH!!

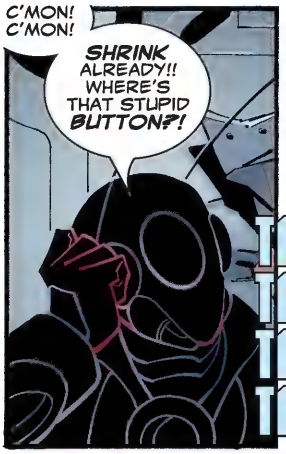
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS ACTUALLY WORKING!
GAAAH!!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM?!
WHO CARES?! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET MILLS OUT OF HERE AND TO THE INFIRMARY!
OUT--NOW! THE AGENTS ARE RUNNING! THEY MUST HAVE GASSED THIS CORRIDOR! IT'S MELTING YOUR BRAIN STEMS OR SOMETHING!
OOF!!
THOOM!
JEEZ.
TEK.
OH, MAN! OH, MAN!
KICK ASS!
I'M FULL-SIZE AGAIN!
SKROOM!!
NEVER MIND!
THIS SUCKS!


CRAP!
CRAP!
CRAP!
CRAP!
VZAP!
VZAP!
VZAP!
VZAP!

I CAN'T DO THIS!

I'M NOT A SECURITY AGENT! I CAN'T FIGHT!

GAH!
BRA-KOOM!


C'MON! C'MON!
SHRINK ALREADY!! WHERE'S THAT STUPID BUTTON?!

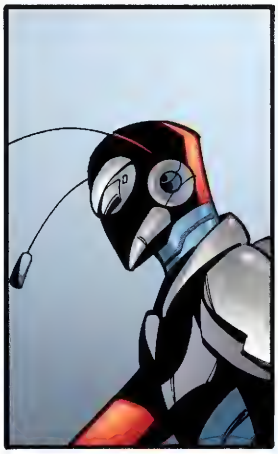
TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.
OH, THIS ONE'S JUST BEGGING FOR IT!

NO, I'M NOT. DEFINITELY NOT BEGGING FOR IT.
NOPE.
TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.
TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.

HUH?
TAP. TAP. TAP. TEK.

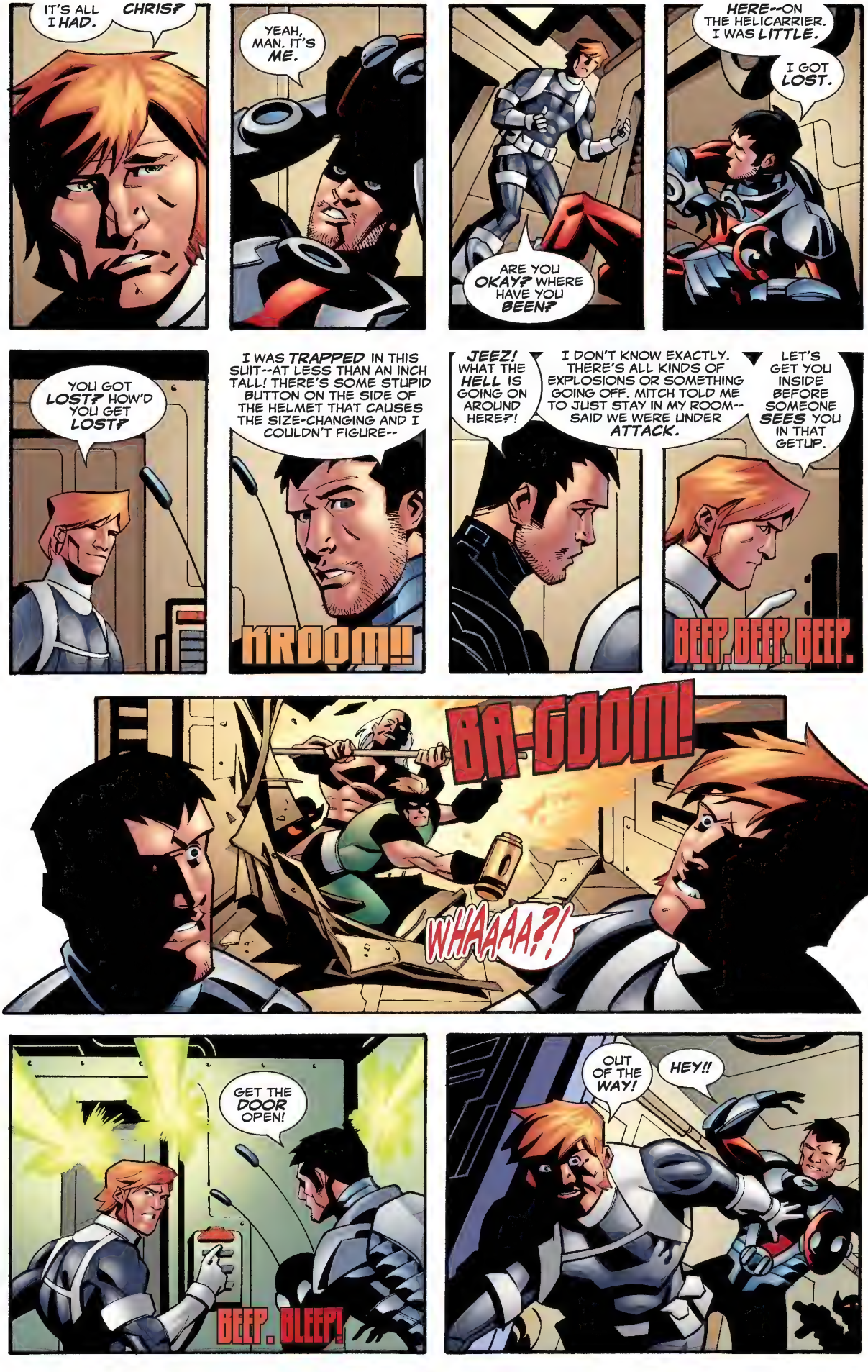
WHEW!

OKAY--YOU GOTTA HOLD THE BUTTON IN. I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER THAT.



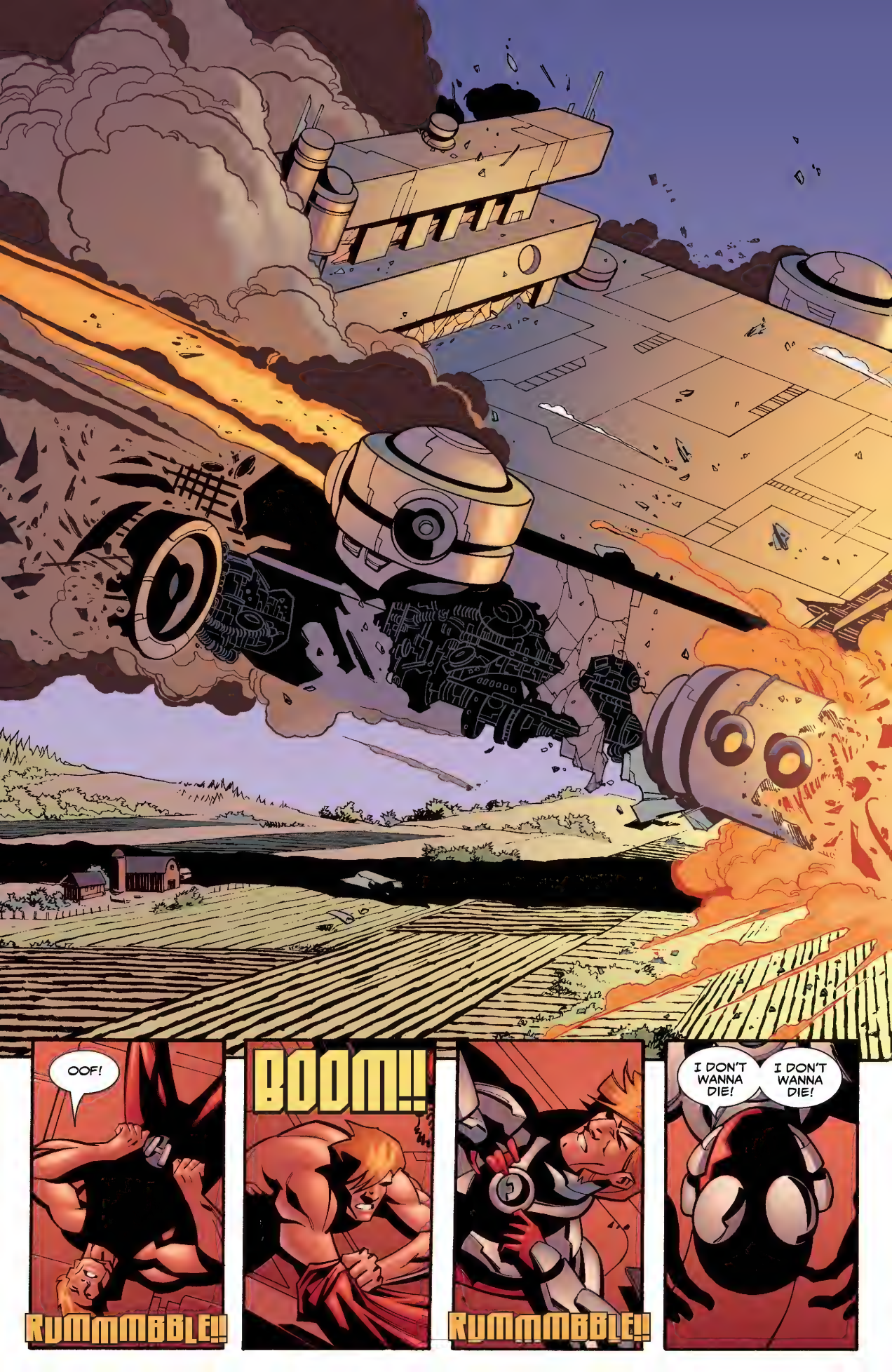
WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT LEVEL AM I ON?

MEANWHILE.
IN ERIC O'GRADY'S QUARTERS.
THOOM!!
SKROOM!
BEEP. BEEP.
HUH?
CRAP.
7-5-9-1-3... CRAP. WHAT WAS IT?
BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.
C'MON. I HATE BEING OUT IN THE OPEN LIKE THIS--
BEEP. BEEP.
STUPID--I SHOULDN'T EVEN CARE IF YOU'RE OKAY...
...THERE.
BEEP. BLEEP!
PSSSSSSH.
ERIC?
YAAAAHHH!!
WRAMM!!
AAGH!!
FWAP! FWAP!
FWAP! FWAP!
GAH! STOP IT!
WAIT--A SHOE?
YOU ATTACK ME WITH A SHOE?


IT'S ALL I HAD.
CHRIS?
YEAH, MAN. IT'S ME.
ARE YOU OKAY? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
HERE--ON THE HELICARRIER. I WAS LITTLE.
I GOT LOST.
YOU GOT LOST? HOW'D YOU GET LOST?
I WAS TRAPPED IN THIS SUIT--AT LESS THAN AN INCH TALL! THERE'S SOME STUPID BUTTON ON THE SIDE OF THE HELMET THAT CAUSES THE SIZE-CHANGING AND I COULDN'T FIGURE--
KROOM!!
JEEZ! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?!
I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY. THERE'S ALL KINDS OF EXPLOSIONS OR SOMETHING GOING OFF. MITCH TOLD ME TO JUST STAY IN MY ROOM--SAID WE WERE UNDER ATTACK.
LET'S GET YOU INSIDE BEFORE SOMEONE SEES YOU IN THAT GETUP.
BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.
BA-BOOM!
WHAAAA?!
GET THE DOOR OPEN!
BEEP. BLEEP!
OUT OF THE WAY!
HEY!!

UZRAGGCK!!
CHRIS!!
ERI--
WHUMP!
CHRIS?!
CHRIS?!
CHRIS, PLEASE DON'T--
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU--
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU TOLD VERONICA--
I CAN'T--

CHRIS?
AAGGH!
-HUFF-
-HUFF-
-HUFF-
-HUFF-
WHOOM!
WHOOM!
WHOOM!
WHOOM!
OH, GOD!
OH, GOD.
CHRIS.
GOOM!!
WHAT NOW?!


OOF!
RUMMMBBLE!!
BOOM!!
RUMMMBBLE!!
I DON'T WANNA DIE!
I DON'T WANNA DIE!

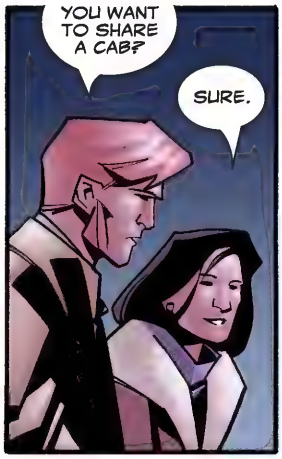
C'MON! C'MON!
STUPID BUTTON!
TAP. TAP. TAP.
RUMMMBBLE!!
TAP. TAP. TEK.
RUMMMBBLE!!
DOOM!

HUH?
GEEZ, WHAT HAPPENED?!

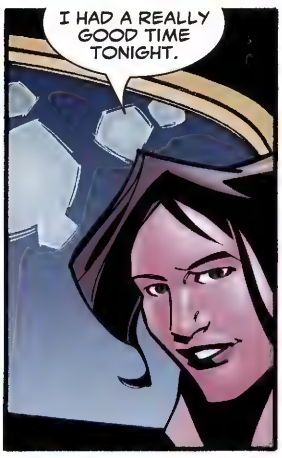
UNGH!
GAH!!
TEN.
OH!
NICE.
VOOSH!!!
MY GOD-- WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS?

HOLY CRAP...
...YOU DO EXIST!
NICK FURY...

THE PRESENT.
AFTER A LONG DISCUSSION ON THE SUBJECT OF HOW ERIC O'GRADY CAME TO BE ANT-MAN, ERIC AND HIS NEW FRIEND BETH ARE LEAVING CROCKETT'S FINE EATERY.
THAT'S...SUCH AN AMAZING STORY. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU LOST YOUR BEST FRIEND DURING A BATTLE WITH DOCTOR DOOM. I--YOU'VE REALLY BEEN THROUGH A LOT.
YEAH...IT'S HARD FOR ME TO TALK ABOUT. I'VE REALLY ONLY BEEN AT THIS FOR A FEW MONTHS NOW.


YOU WANT TO SHARE A CAB?
SURE.

TAXI!


I HAD A REALLY GOOD TIME TONIGHT.

ME TOO.

NY

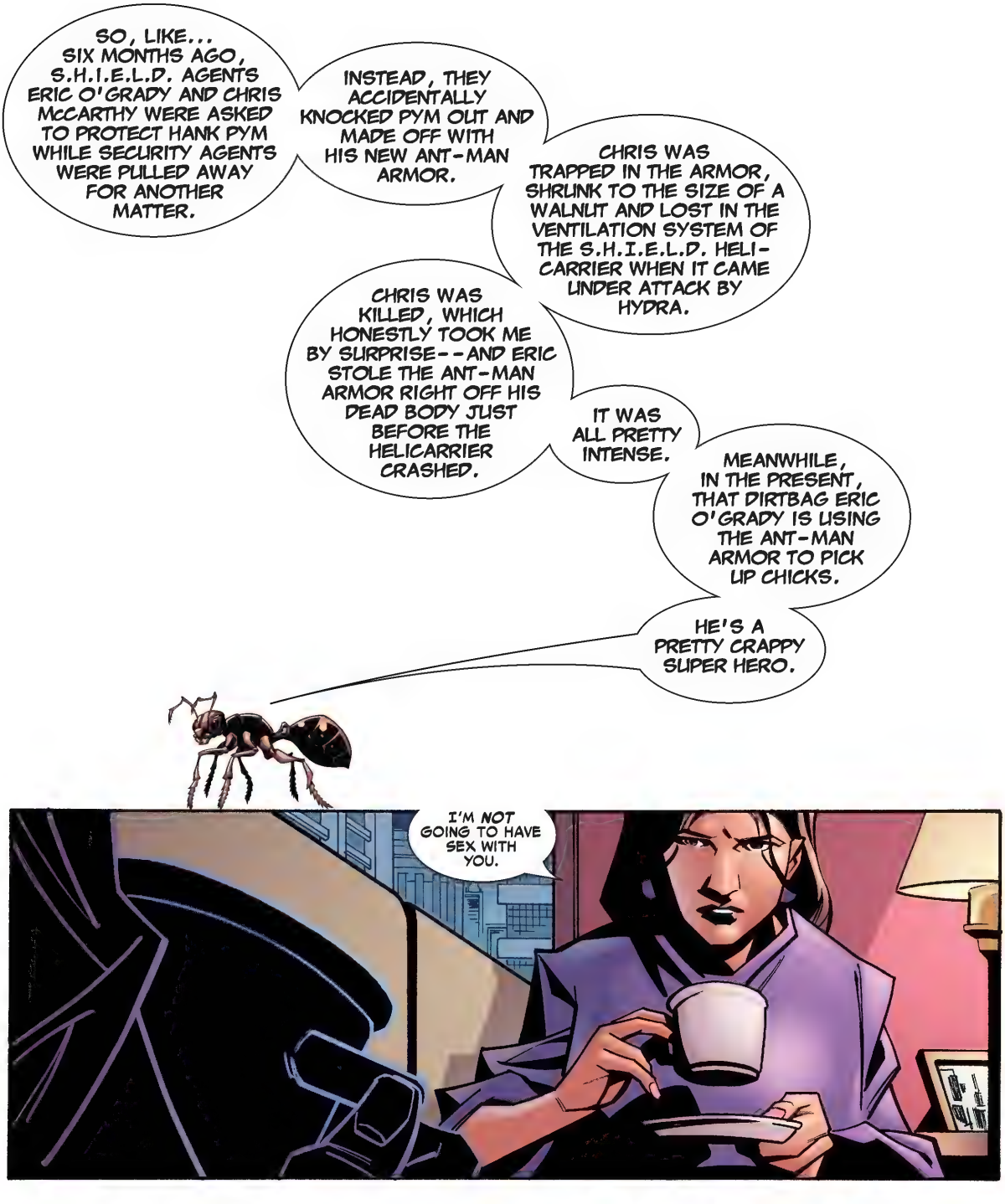
YOU WANT TO COME UP FOR SOME TEA? I'D JUST HATE FOR THE NIGHT TO END ALREADY.

I'D LOVE TO.
HERE YOU GO, BUDDY.
TEN

DON'T SMILE TOO BIG. I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE CAPTAIN AMERICA. TEA MEANS TEA.
WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS THINKING? I LIKE TEA.
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT TEN YOU GAVE THE CAB DRIVER? I THOUGHT YOU LOST YOUR WALLET?
YEAH, UH... I MUST HAVE HAD A STRAY BILL OR TWO IN MY POCKET I FORGOT ABOUT.

WE NOW TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A FAMILIAR ALLEYWAY. THE ONE WHERE, NOT 12 HOURS AGO, BETH HOWARD WAS RESCUED BY OUR VERY OWN ANT-MAN.
VSSSSHH.
AGENT MITCH CARSON?
YES.
THANKS FOR COMING, SIR. THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, HE WAS DEFINITELY HERE. THE RESIDUAL PYM PARTICLES ARE UNMISTAKABLE.
ACCORDING TO THIS DISSIPATION LEVEL, HE WAS HERE ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO. THIS IS THE CLOSEST WE'VE COME TO HIM.
WE MAY CATCH THIS ANT-MAN AFTER ALL.
HOW, SIR? I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND DEFEATIST, BUT THE PARTICLE TRAIL DISSIPATES SO QUICKLY WE MAY NEVER FIND HIM.
TRUST ME, AGENT...
...FOR WHAT HE DID TO ME?
I'LL FIND ERIC O'GRADY AND I'LL KILL HIM MYSELF.

#3


SO, LIKE... SIX MONTHS AGO, S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS ERIC O'GRADY AND CHRIS McCARTHY WERE ASKED TO PROTECT HANK PYM WHILE SECURITY AGENTS WERE PULLED AWAY FOR ANOTHER MATTER.
INSTEAD, THEY ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED PYM OUT AND MADE OFF WITH HIS NEW ANT-MAN ARMOR.
CHRIS WAS TRAPPED IN THE ARMOR, SHRUNK TO THE SIZE OF A WALNUT AND LOST IN THE VENTILATION SYSTEM OF THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER WHEN IT CAME UNDER ATTACK BY HYDRA.
CHRIS WAS KILLED, WHICH HONESTLY TOOK ME BY SURPRISE--AND ERIC STOLE THE ANT-MAN ARMOR RIGHT OFF HIS DEAD BODY JUST BEFORE THE HELICARRIER CRASHED.
IT WAS ALL PRETTY INTENSE.
MEANWHILE, IN THE PRESENT, THAT DIRTBAG ERIC O'GRADY IS USING THE ANT-MAN ARMOR TO PICK UP CHICKS.
HE'S A PRETTY CRAPPY SUPER HERO.
I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU.

HOMECOMING

TONIGHT... OR EVER?
TONIGHT. DEFINITELY NOT TONIGHT.
BUT YOU'RE NOT RULING OUT "EVER." I LIKE THAT.
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.
I JUST... I INVITED YOU UP HERE FOR TEA, ERIC. THAT'S ALL. YOU'VE BEEN MOVING CLOSER TO ME ON THE COUCH AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TAKEN A DRINK OF YOUR TEA.
YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR ALMOST AN HOUR AND I'M GETTING TIRED...
AND THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING AROUND... YOU'D THINK I WAS GOING TO RENT THE PLACE TO YOU. IT'S WEIRD.
ACTUALLY...
I WAS GETTING READY TO GO, ANYWAY. I HAVE TO GET AN EARLY START TOMORROW.
SO...
I HAD A GOOD TIME, BETH. I'LL, UM...SEE YOU LATER.
YOU'RE NICE, AND I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE...BUT GOOD NIGHT.
OKAY, THAT WENT WELL...
APARTMENT 14C...
GOT IT.
418 WEST 79TH STREET...

WAIT FOR ME. I'LL BE OUT IN TWO MINUTES.
TAKE ME BACK TO 418 WEST 79TH STREET, PLEASE.
HERE YOU GO.
THANKS.
DING.
DING.
14C...
14C...
AH! HERE WE GO.
HOME SWEET HOME...

SIX MONTHS AGO...
ARKANSAS. THE CRASH SITE OF THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER.

SNIFF
SNIFF

FURY!
I NEED HELP...
...HE NEEDS HELP. HE'S HURT.
OH, MY GOD!
WE'VE GOT HIM-- GOOD WORK.
HE HAD A POLE THROUGH HIS RIBS...I TOOK HIM OFF IT, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO.
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...
YOU DID GOOD, KID.
UH...
THANKS.
OH, GOD...
...CHRIS...
ERIC?
IS THAT YOU?

OH, ERIC, IT *IS* YOU...I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE *ALIVE.*
ARE YOU *OKAY?* ANYTHING BROKEN?
VERONICA... HEY.
NO, I'M OKAY...I THINK I'M *FINE.*
I WAS IN MY QUARTERS, WAITING OUT THE ATTACK LIKE EVERYONE ELSE ON MY LEVEL.
I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE UNTIL THE RESCUE TEAM PULLED ME OUT OF THE RUBBLE.
THEY HAVEN'T EVEN *BEGUN* TO TALLY THE CASUALTIES... IT'S GOING TO BE MASSIVE.
I'M JUST SO... I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT EVERYONE.
HAVE YOU SEEN ANYONE ELSE?
ANYONE YOU *KNOW?*
NO.
I'M SO WORRIED... ABOUT *CHRIS.*
I JUST... I'M GLAD HE WAS OUT ON THAT SECRET MISSION...
VERONICA, I--
CHRIS IS DEAD.
HE'D ONLY BEEN BACK A FEW HOURS. BEFORE THE CRASH--DURING THE ATTACK, A LASER--
HE WAS KILLED.

ONE WEEK LATER.
LANCASTER, VERMONT.
THE BUS STATION, WHERE ERIC AND VERONICA ARE ARRIVING AT THE HOMETOWN OF CHRIS McCARTHY AND ERIC O'GRADY.
ER BUS DEPOT

IT'S REALLY NICE OF YOU TO COME WITH ME...I THINK--I THINK CHRIS WOULD HAVE LIKED THAT.
THANKS.
CHRIS WAS MY BOYFRIEND... I LOVED HIM. I HAD TO COME.

ERIC, MY BOY...OVER HERE.

IT'S CHRIS' PARENTS. NICE PEOPLE.
YOU'LL LIKE THEM.

JIM, NANCY, THIS IS VERONICA, SHE WAS CHRIS' GIRLFRIEND.
I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU LETTING US STAY AT YOUR PLACE. EVER SINCE MY PARENTS MOVED--

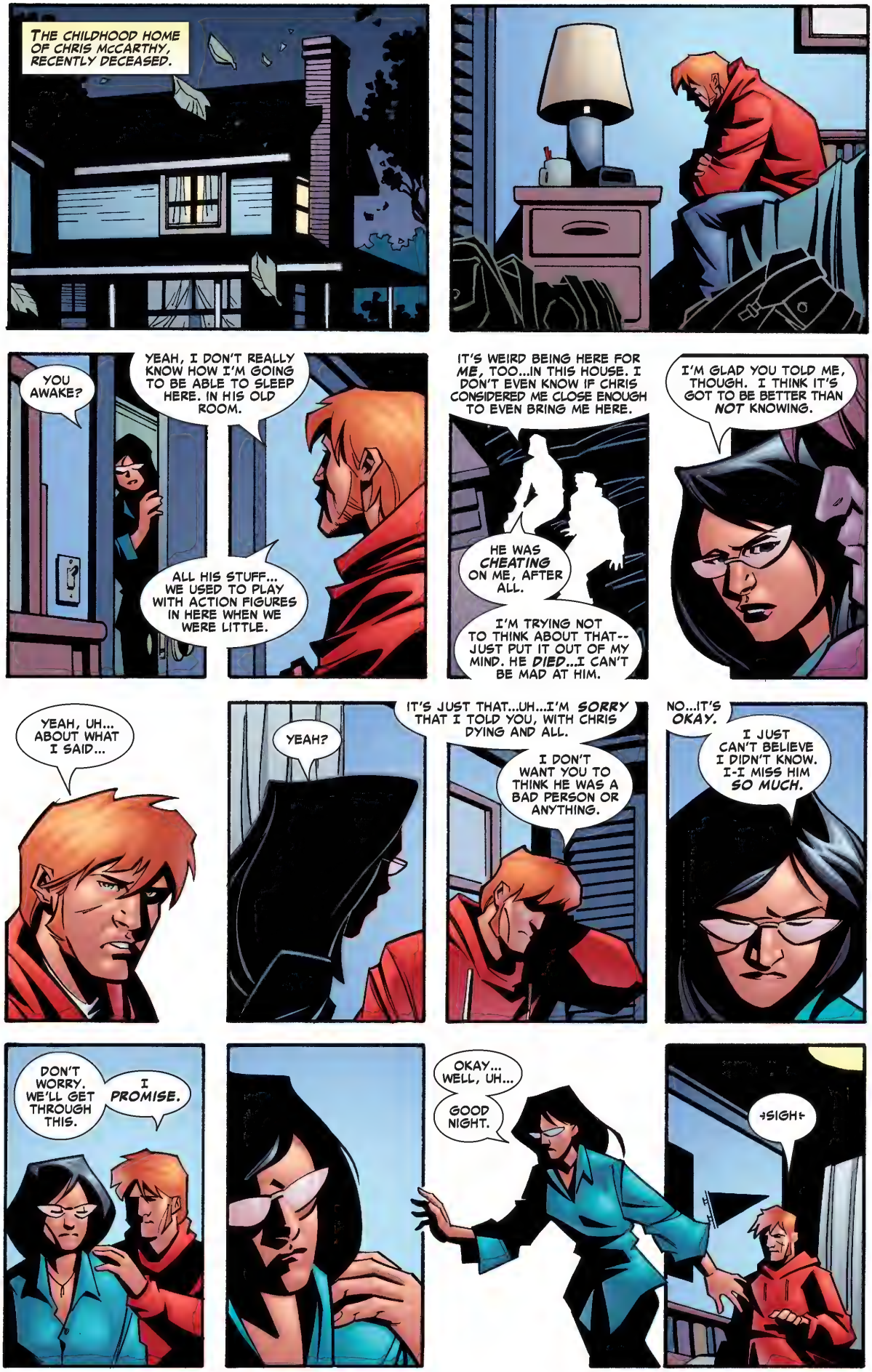
MY SON IS DEAD--MY SON!!
WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN YOU?!

NANCY!
NANCY!

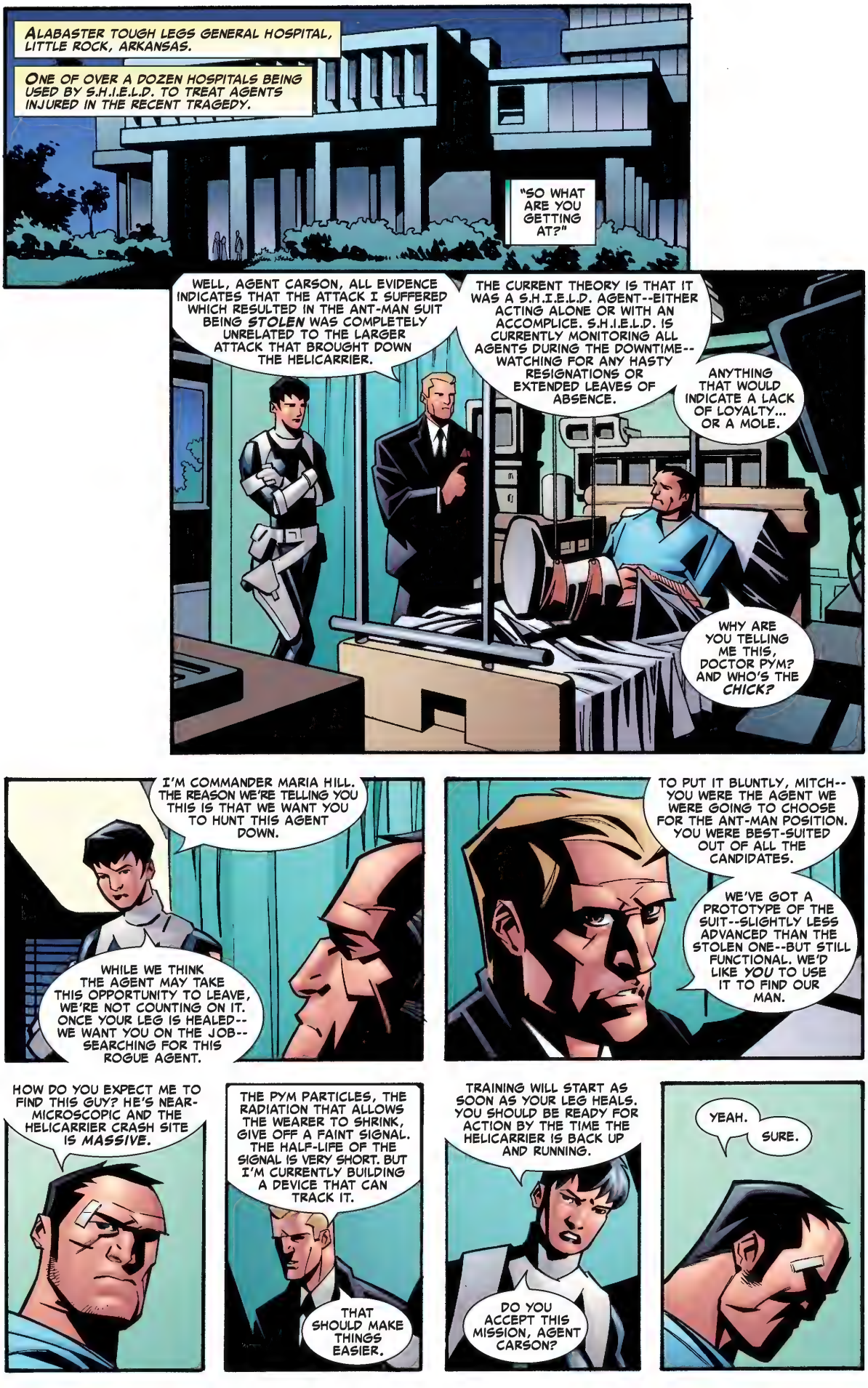
I, UH...I'LL GO GET OUR BAGS...

HERE, ERIC. LET ME HELP YOU WITH THOSE.

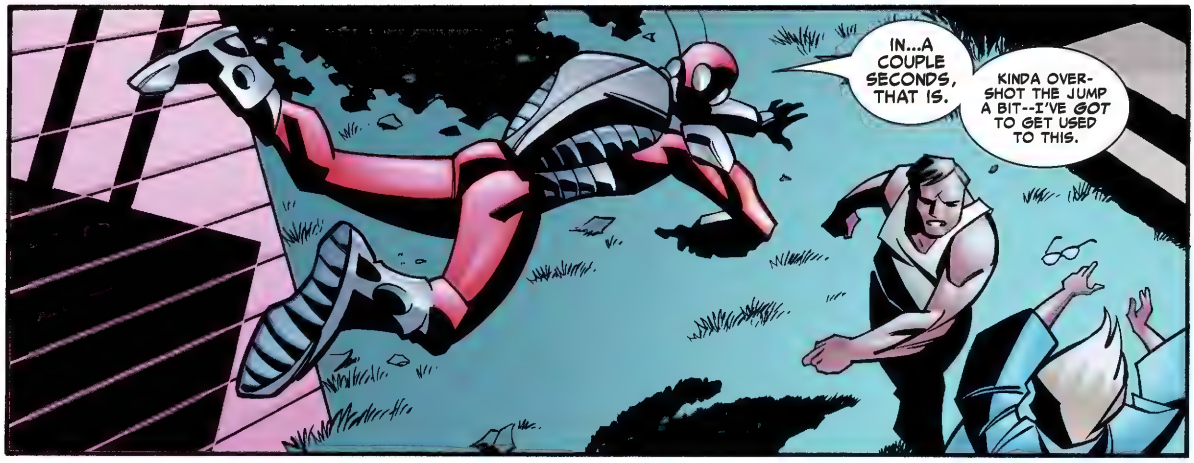
SHE'S...HAVING A HARD TIME RIGHT NOW.
IT'S OKAY, I UNDERSTAND... WE ALL ARE.

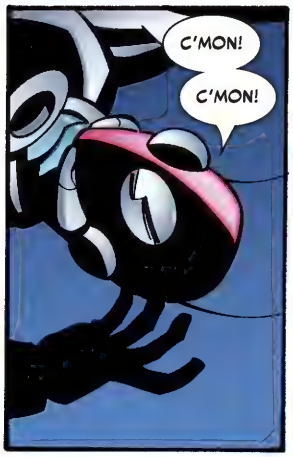

THE CHILDHOOD HOME OF CHRIS MCCARTHY, RECENTLY DECEASED.
YOU AWAKE?
YEAH, I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO BE ABLE TO SLEEP HERE. IN HIS OLD ROOM.
ALL HIS STUFF... WE USED TO PLAY WITH ACTION FIGURES IN HERE WHEN WE WERE LITTLE.
IT'S WEIRD BEING HERE FOR ME, TOO...IN THIS HOUSE. I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF CHRIS CONSIDERED ME CLOSE ENOUGH TO EVEN BRING ME HERE.
HE WAS CHEATING ON ME, AFTER ALL.
I'M TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT THAT-- JUST PUT IT OUT OF MY MIND. HE DIED...I CAN'T BE MAD AT HIM.
I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME, THOUGH. I THINK IT'S GOT TO BE BETTER THAN NOT KNOWING.
YEAH, UH... ABOUT WHAT I SAID...
YEAH?
IT'S JUST THAT...UH...I'M SORRY THAT I TOLD YOU, WITH CHRIS DYING AND ALL.
I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK HE WAS A BAD PERSON OR ANYTHING.
NO...IT'S OKAY.
I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE I DIDN'T KNOW. I-I MISS HIM SO MUCH.
DON'T WORRY. WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS.
I PROMISE.
OKAY... WELL, UH...
GOOD NIGHT.
-SIGH-

STATE
STATE
+SIGH+
STATE
HM.
WHERE WAS THAT DAMN BUTTON AGAIN?
TEK.
AH, THERE WE GO.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO SEE WHAT THIS SUIT CAN DO.


ALABASTER TOUGH LEGS GENERAL HOSPITAL, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.
ONE OF OVER A DOZEN HOSPITALS BEING USED BY S.H.I.E.L.D. TO TREAT AGENTS INJURED IN THE RECENT TRAGEDY.
"SO WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?"
WELL, AGENT CARSON, ALL EVIDENCE INDICATES THAT THE ATTACK I SUFFERED WHICH RESULTED IN THE ANT-MAN SUIT BEING STOLEN WAS COMPLETELY UNRELATED TO THE LARGER ATTACK THAT BROUGHT DOWN THE HELICARRIER.
THE CURRENT THEORY IS THAT IT WAS A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT--EITHER ACTING ALONE OR WITH AN ACCOMPLICE. S.H.I.E.L.D. IS CURRENTLY MONITORING ALL AGENTS DURING THE DOWNTIME--WATCHING FOR ANY HASTY RESIGNATIONS OR EXTENDED LEAVES OF ABSENCE.
ANYTHING THAT WOULD INDICATE A LACK OF LOYALTY... OR A MOLE.
WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS, DOCTOR PYM? AND WHO'S THE CHICK?
I'M COMMANDER MARIA HILL. THE REASON WE'RE TELLING YOU THIS IS THAT WE WANT YOU TO HUNT THIS AGENT DOWN.
WHILE WE THINK THE AGENT MAY TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO LEAVE, WE'RE NOT COUNTING ON IT. ONCE YOUR LEG IS HEALED--WE WANT YOU ON THE JOB--SEARCHING FOR THIS ROGUE AGENT.
TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, MITCH--YOU WERE THE AGENT WE WERE GOING TO CHOOSE FOR THE ANT-MAN POSITION. YOU WERE BEST-SUITED OUT OF ALL THE CANDIDATES.
WE'VE GOT A PROTOTYPE OF THE SUIT--SLIGHTLY LESS ADVANCED THAN THE STOLEN ONE--BUT STILL FUNCTIONAL. WE'D LIKE YOU TO USE IT TO FIND OUR MAN.
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO FIND THIS GUY? HE'S NEAR-MICROSCOPIC AND THE HELICARRIER CRASH SITE IS MASSIVE.
THE PYM PARTICLES, THE RADIATION THAT ALLOWS THE WEARER TO SHRINK, GIVE OFF A FAINT SIGNAL. THE HALF-LIFE OF THE SIGNAL IS VERY SHORT. BUT I'M CURRENTLY BUILDING A DEVICE THAT CAN TRACK IT.
THAT SHOULD MAKE THINGS EASIER.
TRAINING WILL START AS SOON AS YOUR LEG HEALS. YOU SHOULD BE READY FOR ACTION BY THE TIME THE HELICARRIER IS BACK UP AND RUNNING.
DO YOU ACCEPT THIS MISSION, AGENT CARSON?
YEAH.
SURE.

BACK AT THE MCCARTHY HOUSE. TWO HOURS LATER--AFTER A RIGOROUS SELF-IMPOSED TRAINING REGIMEN.
SO I'M JUST AS STRONG AT THIS SIZE AS I AM WHEN I'M FULL-SIZED, HENCE THE SUPER-JUMPS. MAKES SENSE...I GUESS.
JET PACK COMES IN HANDY... THIS IS ALL REALLY COOL.
GET BACK HERE!
HUH--?!
I SAID, GET BACK HERE, DAMMIT!
NO-- NO!
ST-- STAY AWAY FROM ME!
NICE-- THESE NEIGHBORS SEEM TO BE A HAPPY COUPLE.
ANT-MAN TO THE RESCUE!


IN...A COUPLE SECONDS, THAT IS.
KINDA OVER-SHOT THE JUMP A BIT--I'VE *GOT* TO GET USED TO THIS.


C'MON!
C'MON!

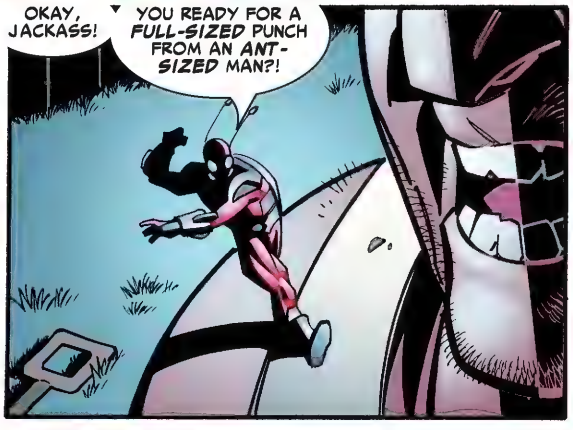
THERE WE GO!
VOOSH!!

OKAY, PIECE OF CAKE.
JUST GOTTA GET BACK DOWN TO THE GROUND.

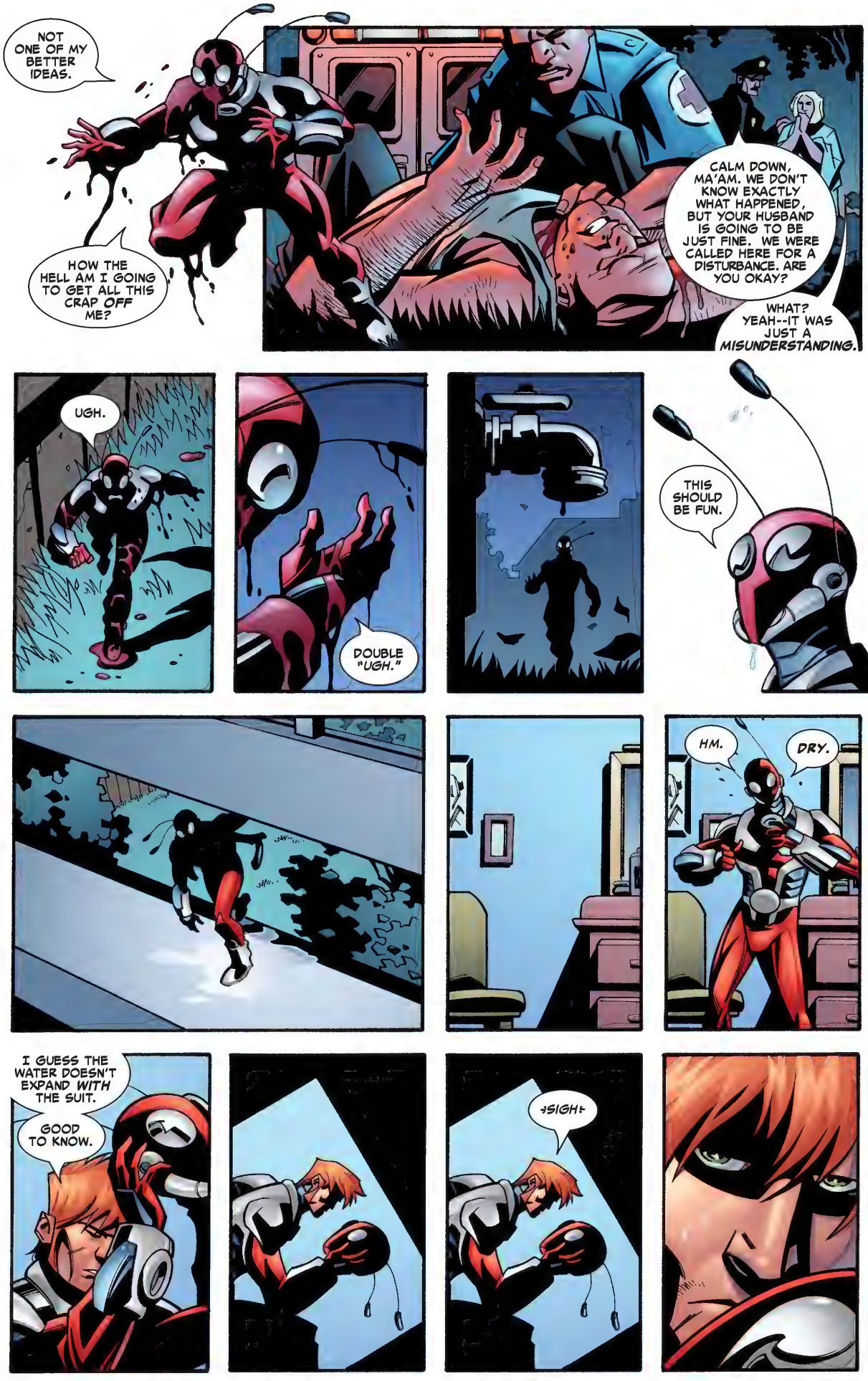
THEN I'LL SHOW THIS #!&%@!# WHAT'S WHAT.

NO-- *PLEASE!*
YOU CALLED HIM *AGAIN*, DIDN'T *YOU?!* I TOLD YOU *NOT TO*--AND YOU DID IT *ANYWAY!*
WHY DID YOU HAVE TO *CALL* HIM?!

FINALLY!


OKAY, JACKASS!
YOU READY FOR A *FULL-SIZED* PUNCH FROM AN *ANT-SIZED* MAN?!

SHURK!
OH, JEEZ!
SPLOOOSH!!
CRAP!
CRAP!
WRAMM!!
+GAK!+
+GURGLE!+
OH, GOD--WHAT HAPPENED?! HOW DID--
WHAT HAPPENED?!


NOT ONE OF MY BETTER IDEAS.
HOW THE HELL AM I GOING TO GET ALL THIS CRAP OFF ME?
CALM DOWN, MA'AM. WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED, BUT YOUR HUSBAND IS GOING TO BE JUST FINE. WE WERE CALLED HERE FOR A DISTURBANCE. ARE YOU OKAY?
WHAT? YEAH--IT WAS JUST A MISUNDERSTANDING.
UGH.
DOUBLE "UGH."
THIS SHOULD BE FUN.
HM.
DRY.
I GUESS THE WATER DOESN'T EXPAND WITH THE SUIT.
GOOD TO KNOW.
+SIGH+

TAP. TAP.
-PSST!-
VERONICA--YOU AWAKE?
VERONICA?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE GOING TO WAKE UP THE McCARTHYS.
OH, UH...WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU WERE STILL AWAKE. CAN I COME IN?
YEAH. SURE. YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON NEXT DOOR? COPS ARE THERE.
NO, DIDN'T SEE IT. YOU OKAY?
NO.
YOU?
NO.
MY BEST FRIEND IS GONE. ONE MINUTE HE WAS THERE--THE NEXT, NOT. WITH THE HELICARRIER DOWN, US ON INDEFINITE LEAVE...
IT'S LIKE MY WORLD IS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, BUT THIS TOWN, THIS HOUSE--EVERYTHING'S THE SAME. I JUST WISH--I WISH...
THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WOULD JUST TAKE A BREAK AND ACKNOWLEDGE WHAT WE'RE GOING THROUGH?
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.
YEAH. I KNOW.
THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE... WITH ME.
ME, TOO.

TWO DAYS LATER.
THE FUNERAL.
PINE GROVE CEMETERY.
WE WILL MOURN THE PASSING OF YOUNG CHRIS MCCARTHY--TAKEN BEFORE HIS TIME.
THE LORD HAS A PLAN FOR US ALL, AND CHRIS WAS NEEDED AT HIS SIDE, IN HEAVEN. WE CAN ONLY HOPE HE WILL BRING AS MUCH JOY TO THEM THERE AS HE HAS TO US...HERE.
HE IS IN A BETTER PLACE NOW...
MY BABY!
MY BABY!

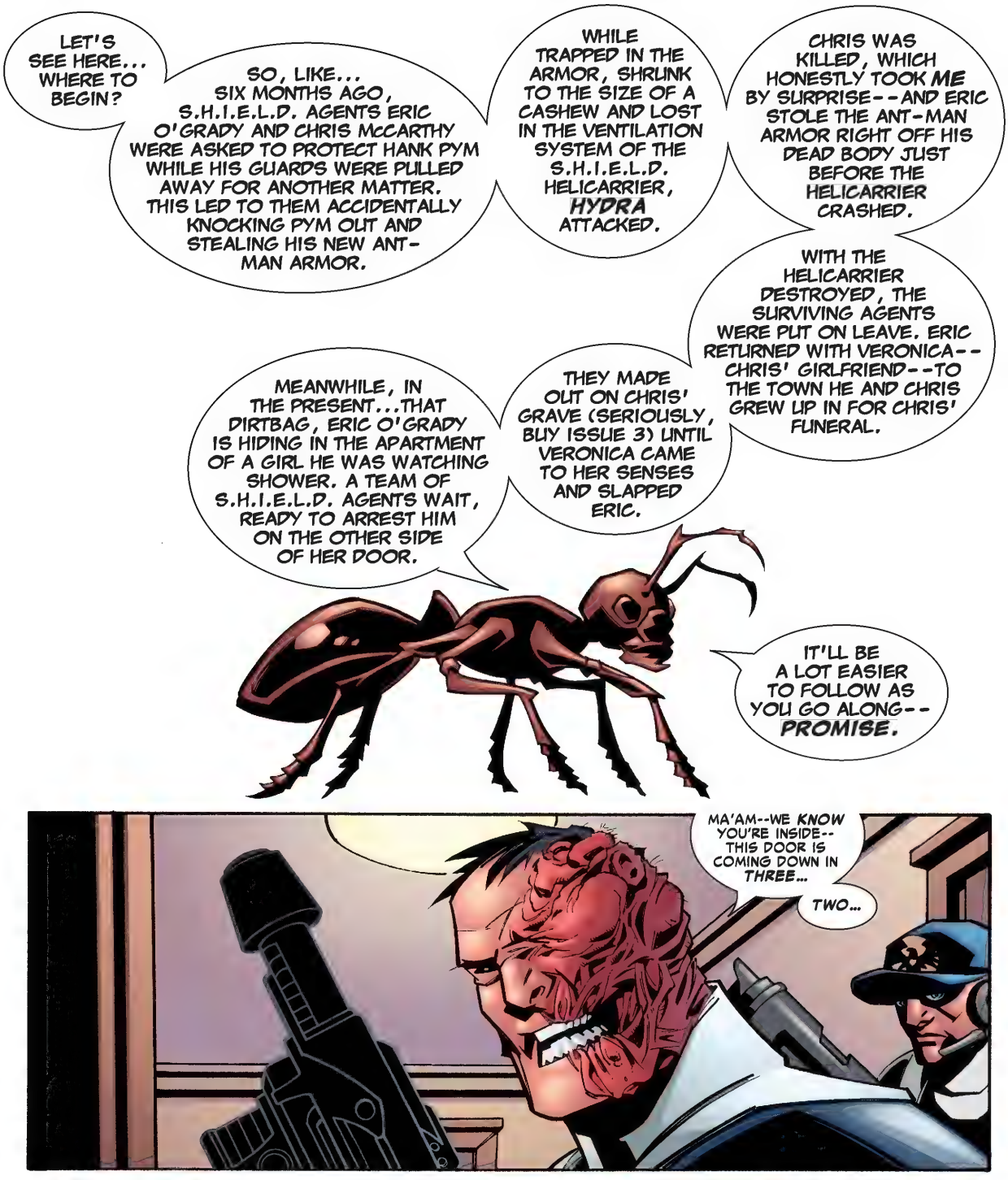
THE NEXT DAY.
I THOUGHT I MIGHT FIND YOU HERE. FIGURED YOU'D WANT TO VISIT ONE LAST TIME BEFORE YOU GO.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO, YOU KNOW. THE MCCARTHYS SAID WE COULD STAY AS LONG AS WE WANTED. THEY MEANT BOTH OF US.
S.H.I.E.L.D. IS SAYING WE COULD BE ON LEAVE FOR OVER A MONTH BEFORE A NEW CARRIER IS UP AND RUNNING. I HAVEN'T SEEN MY PARENTS IN A LONG TIME.
THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP ME HERE.
WAS I NOTHI--I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT. I DON'T KNOW, VERONICA...
...I KINDA THOUGHT...

GET OFF ME!
WHAT IS IT? WHAT DID I DO?
NO.
JUST... NO. THERE'S NO WAY I'M DOING THIS.
NO.
CHRIS McCARTHY
TAKEN BEFORE HIS TIME
CHRIS McCARTHY
TAKEN BEFORE HIS TIME
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

NOW.
418 WEST 79TH STREET. APARTMENT 14C.
THIS IS THE LIFE.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
CRAP! WHO COULD THAT BE THIS LATE?
CRAP.
YEAH. TOTAL BUZZ-KILL.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
HOLD ON-- JEEZ!
I'M MOVING AS FAST AS I CAN!

14C
MA'AM, THIS IS A MATTER OF OFFICIAL S.H.I.E.L.D. BUSINESS.
YOU HAVE FOUR SECONDS TO OPEN THIS DOOR BEFORE WE BUST IT DOWN.
THAT SOUNDS LIKE--
OH, GOD...
MITCH?

#4

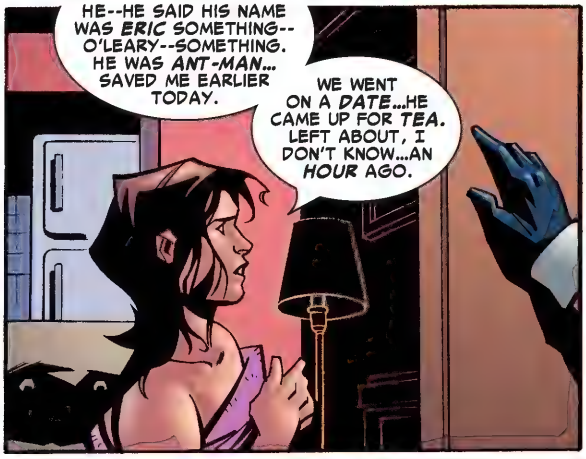

LET'S SEE HERE... WHERE TO BEGIN?
SO, LIKE... SIX MONTHS AGO, S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS ERIC O'GRADY AND CHRIS McCARTHY WERE ASKED TO PROTECT HANK PYM WHILE HIS GUARDS WERE PULLED AWAY FOR ANOTHER MATTER. THIS LED TO THEM ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKING PYM OUT AND STEALING HIS NEW ANT-MAN ARMOR.
WHILE TRAPPED IN THE ARMOR, SHRUNK TO THE SIZE OF A CASHEW AND LOST IN THE VENTILATION SYSTEM OF THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER, HYDRA ATTACKED.
CHRIS WAS KILLED, WHICH HONESTLY TOOK ME BY SURPRISE--AND ERIC STOLE THE ANT-MAN ARMOR RIGHT OFF HIS DEAD BODY JUST BEFORE THE HELICARRIER CRASHED.
WITH THE HELICARRIER DESTROYED, THE SURVIVING AGENTS WERE PUT ON LEAVE. ERIC RETURNED WITH VERONICA--CHRIS' GIRLFRIEND--TO THE TOWN HE AND CHRIS GREW UP IN FOR CHRIS' FUNERAL.
THEY MADE OUT ON CHRIS' GRAVE (SERIOUSLY, BUY ISSUE 3) UNTIL VERONICA CAME TO HER SENSES AND SLAPPED ERIC.
MEANWHILE, IN THE PRESENT...THAT DIRTBAG, ERIC O'GRADY IS HIDING IN THE APARTMENT OF A GIRL HE WAS WATCHING SHOWER. A TEAM OF S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS WAIT, READY TO ARREST HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HER DOOR.
IT'LL BE A LOT EASIER TO FOLLOW AS YOU GO ALONG--PROMISE.
MA'AM--WE KNOW YOU'RE INSIDE--THIS DOOR IS COMING DOWN IN THREE...
TWO...

THE DAILY GRIND

WHAT?!

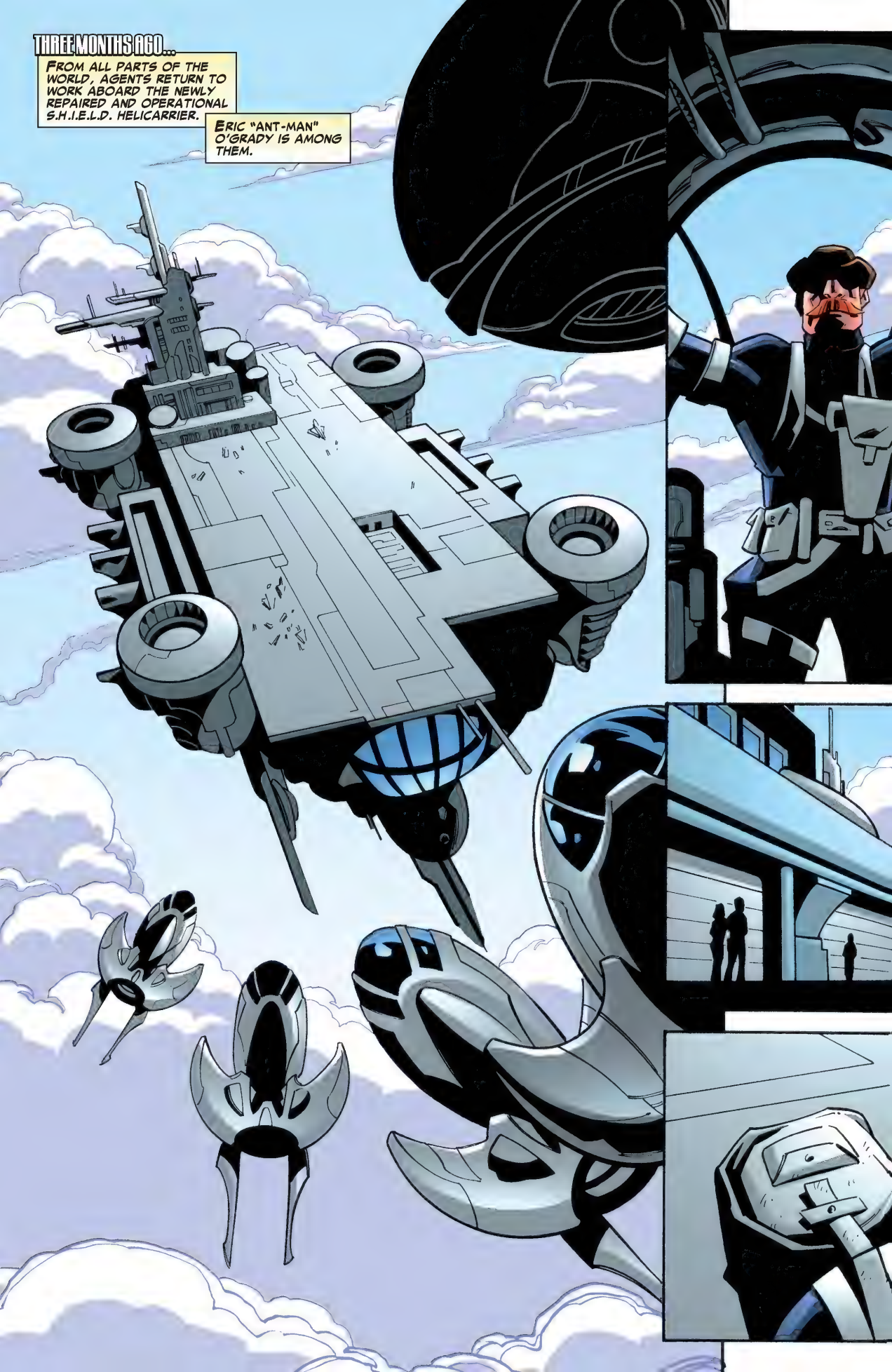
WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE *THIS* MAN WAS IN *THIS* BUILDING AS RECENTLY AS TWO HOURS AGO.
HAVE YOU *SEEN* HIM?

I--
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR HIM? HAS HE *DONE* SOMETHING?
I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO SAY ANYTHING MORE THAN THAT HE IS A FUGITIVE ON THE RUN.
IF YOU'VE SEEN HIM, YOU'RE REQUIRED BY *LAW* TO TELL ME.


HE--HE SAID HIS NAME WAS *ERIC* SOMETHING--O'LEARY--SOMETHING. HE WAS *ANT-MAN*... SAVED ME EARLIER TODAY.
WE WENT ON A *DATE*...HE CAME UP FOR *TEA*. LEFT ABOUT, I DON'T KNOW...AN *HOUR* AGO.

STEP ASIDE, MA'AM--WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SEARCH THE PREMISES.
I APOLOGIZE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE.

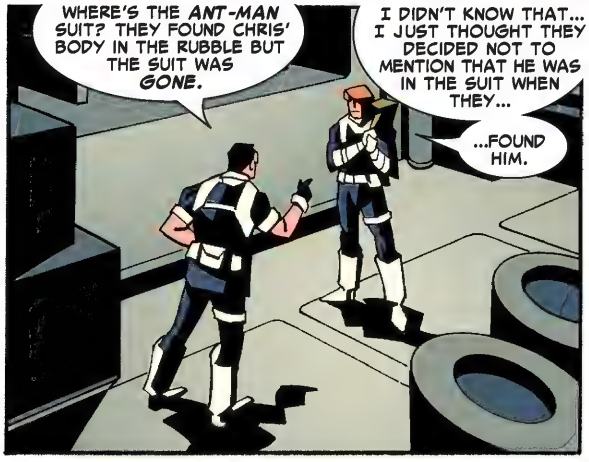
WE'LL NEED YOU TO STAY OUT OF THE WAY WHILE WE CONDUCT OUR SEARCH.
SURE.
WHATEVER.
MAKE SURE SHE STAYS BACK THERE FOR A WHILE. SHE COULD BE WORKING *WITH* HIM.
I WOULDN'T WANT HER TO INTERFERE WITH OUR SEARCH.
OKAY, PEOPLE--YOU KNOW THE DRILL. WE'RE GOING TO NEED EVIDENCE THAT O'GRADY *WAS* HERE--MORE THAN JUST THIS BROAD'S WORD. WE NEED FINGERPRINTS, LOOSE HAIR, DEAD SKIN CELLS, *THE WORKS.*
WE NEED TO INSTALL SENSORS TO ALERT US IF HE RETURNS--*DISCREETLY.* WE DON'T WANT THE TENANT FINDING OUT WE'RE SPYING ON HER.
THEN WE NEED A QUICK INFRARED--AND A MOTION SENSOR SWEEP. DON'T FORGET, WE'RE LOOKING FOR A TINY, *TINY* MAN. HE COULD STILL BE HERE AND SHE WOULDN'T EVEN *KNOW* IT.
AND IF HE *IS* HERE--WE'LL *FIND* HIM.
CRAP! THIS IS *NOT* GOING TO END WELL.


THREE MONTHS AGO...
FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, AGENTS RETURN TO WORK ABOARD THE NEWLY REPAIRED AND OPERATIONAL S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER.
ERIC "ANT-MAN" O'GRADY IS AMONG THEM.

WELCOME BACK, GRUNTS. I KNOW WE'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH A LOT, AND THERE WILL BE A SHORT PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT TO THE NEW CARRIER AND WHATEVER CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE, BUT WE NEED YOU IN TOP FORM.
THIS IS S.H.I.E.L.D.--WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO MOURN THE LOSS OF OUR FELLOW AGENTS.
WE WILL HONOR THEIR LOSS BY PROTECTING THE WORLD IN THEIR NAME.

+SIGH+

O'GRADY--WE NEED TO *TALK.*
MITCH--*JEEZ*--I'VE BEEN HERE LIKE *TWO HOURS*--HOW'D YOU EVEN KNOW I WAS *BACK?*
I'VE BEEN WATCHING THE PERSONNEL LOG--WE NEED TO GO SOMEWHERE. *NOW.*


WHERE'S THE *ANT-MAN* SUIT? THEY FOUND CHRIS' BODY IN THE RUBBLE BUT THE SUIT WAS *GONE.*
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT... I JUST THOUGHT THEY DECIDED NOT TO MENTION THAT HE WAS IN THE SUIT WHEN THEY...
...FOUND HIM.

NO--THEY *DIDN'T.* I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS. I KNOW YOU AND CHRIS WERE CLOSE, SO FORGIVE ME IF THIS IS INSENSITIVE--BUT *WHERE* IS THE ARMOR?
HOW WOULD *I* KNOW?

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE *CHRIS* WAS--I HADN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE PUT THAT STUFF ON. HOW *WOULD* I HAVE?
IF THE SUIT'S MISSING, I'M *NOT* THE MAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO CAN *LIE* RIGHT TO SOMEONE'S FACE WITHOUT THEM KNOWING, *ARE* YOU?

WHAT?! *NO!* OF *COURSE* NOT.
IF I KNEW WHERE THAT ARMOR WAS, I'D *TELL* YOU. *PROMISE.*

GOOD, BECAUSE I'M THE PERSON WHO'S BEEN ASSIGNED TO *FIND* IT--AND I'D *HATE* TO HAVE TO HURT YOU...
...BUT I WOULDN'T *HESITATE.*

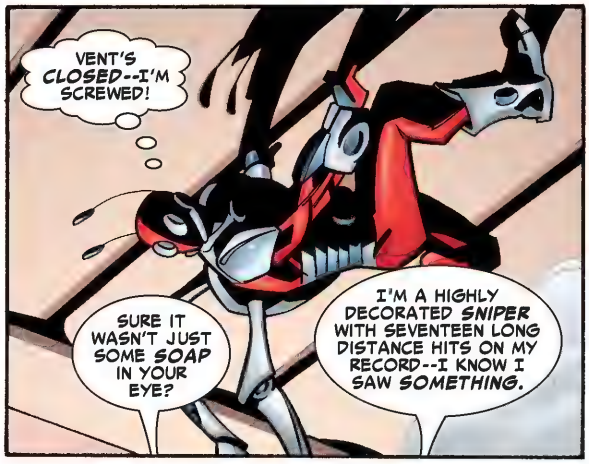
LIKE I'D STEAL THE ARMOR FROM MY *DEAD BEST FRIEND.* WHAT KIND OF PERSON DO YOU THINK I *AM?*

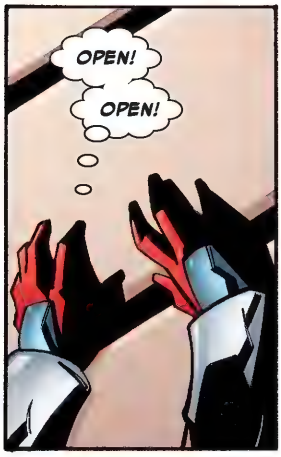
I'LL DO YOU THE FAVOR OF NOT ANSWERING THAT.

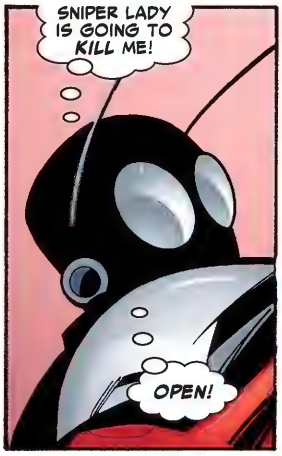
OPEN! DAMMIT-- OPEN!
I'M PUNCHING IN THE RIGHT CODE!! WHAT GIVES?!
ERIC?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS-- THEY PUT ME LIKE SIX DOORS DOWN. HOW WEIRD IS THAT?
COOL. DOES YOUR DOOR OPEN? NO-- NEVER MIND.
I'M GLAD YOU STOPPED BY, VERONICA-- I WANTED TO APOLOGIZE FOR THAT NIGHT--IN THE RAIN...
NO. IT'S OKAY. IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL. I SHOULD PROBABLY APOLOGIZE TO YOU.
I REALLY APPRECIATE YOUR FRIENDSHIP. YOU REALLY HELPED ME THROUGH STUFF.
I, UH... I THINK WE WERE HELPING EACH OTHER.
WE OKAY?
YEAH.
WE'RE GOOD.
YOU ON DUTY TOMORROW?
YEAH.
I'LL SEE YOU THEN.
CRAP!
WHAT IS THE PROBLEM HERE?!
WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO GET INTO MY ROOM?
3564 IS MY ROOM, PAL. CHECK WITH THE BOARDING OFFICE IF YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT.
3564 IS ACROSS THE HALL.

LATER, AFTER A FEW HOURS OF SETTLING IN.
ANT-MAN AWAY!
I HELD OUT AS LONG AS I COULD-- NOW IT'S TIME TO DO SOME SPYING!
BEING A SUPER HERO IS SO COOL.
CRAP!
DID YOU SEE THAT?! WAS SOMETHING ON THE CEILING?!

HOME FREE.
WHERE? WHAT WAS IT?
RIGHT ABOVE ME-- I JUST SAW IT. WHERE DID IT GO?

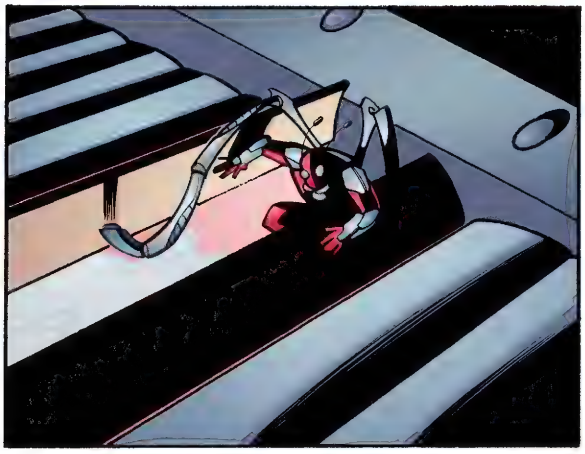

VENT'S CLOSED--I'M SCREWED!
SURE IT WASN'T JUST SOME SOAP IN YOUR EYE?
I'M A HIGHLY DECORATED SNIPER WITH SEVENTEEN LONG DISTANCE HITS ON MY RECORD--I KNOW I SAW SOMETHING.

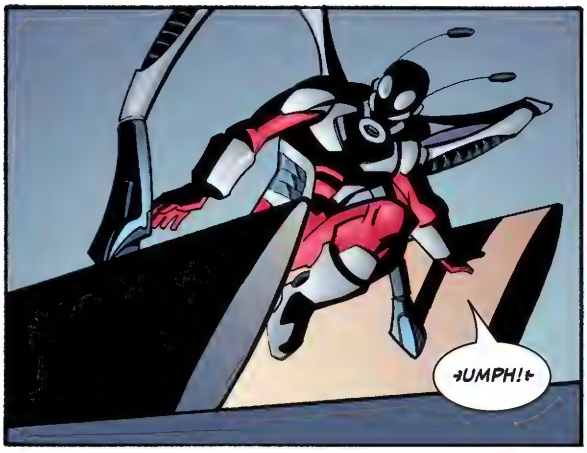

OPEN!
OPEN!

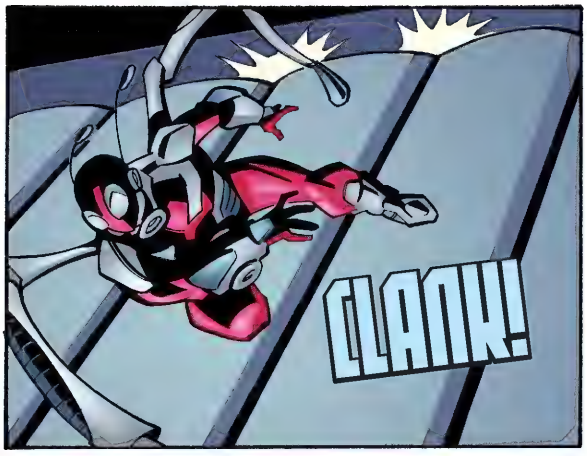

SNIPER LADY IS GOING TO KILL ME!
OPEN!

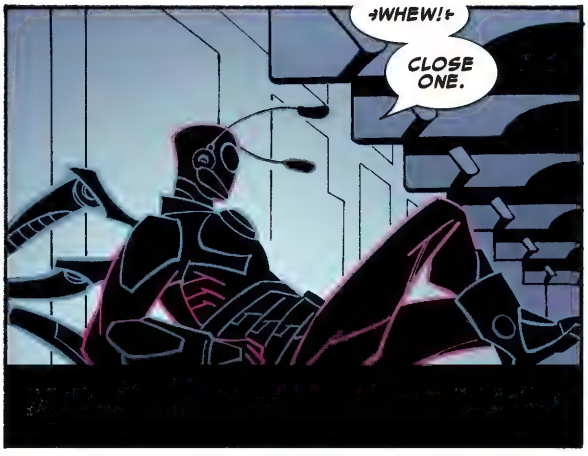
PLEASE?!
PRETTY PLEASE?!

+HU-UNGH!+

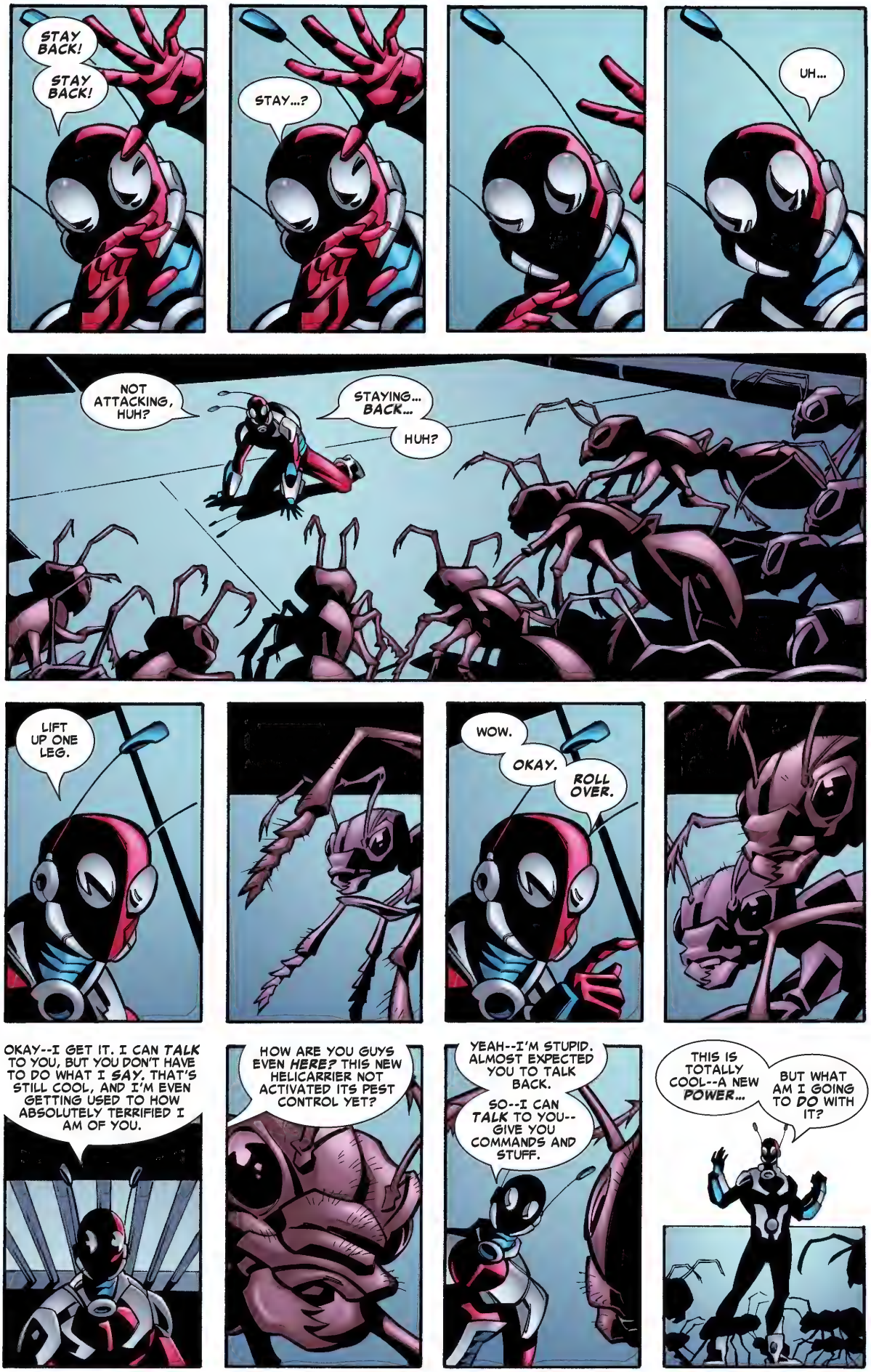


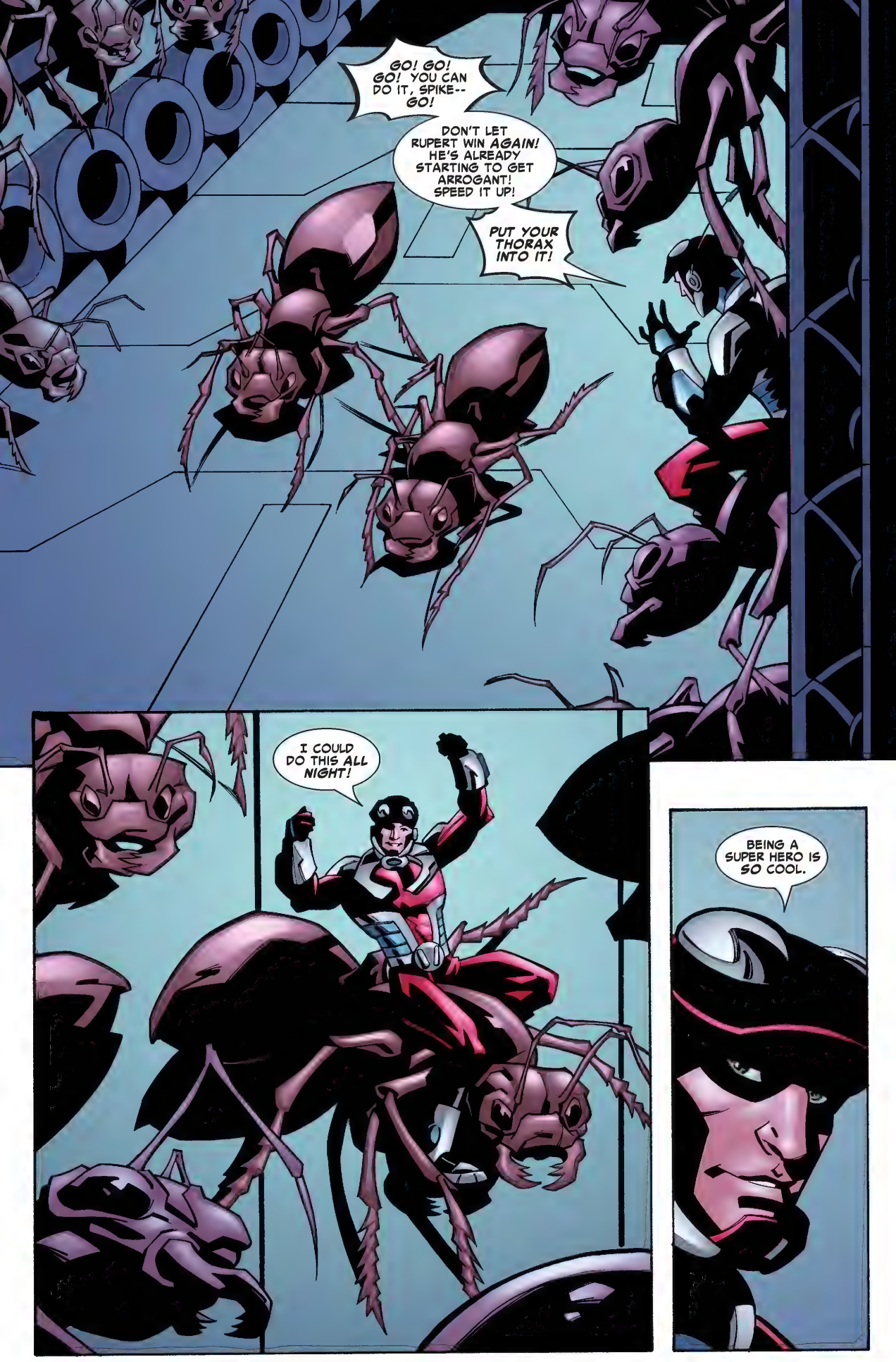

+UMPH!+


CLANK!

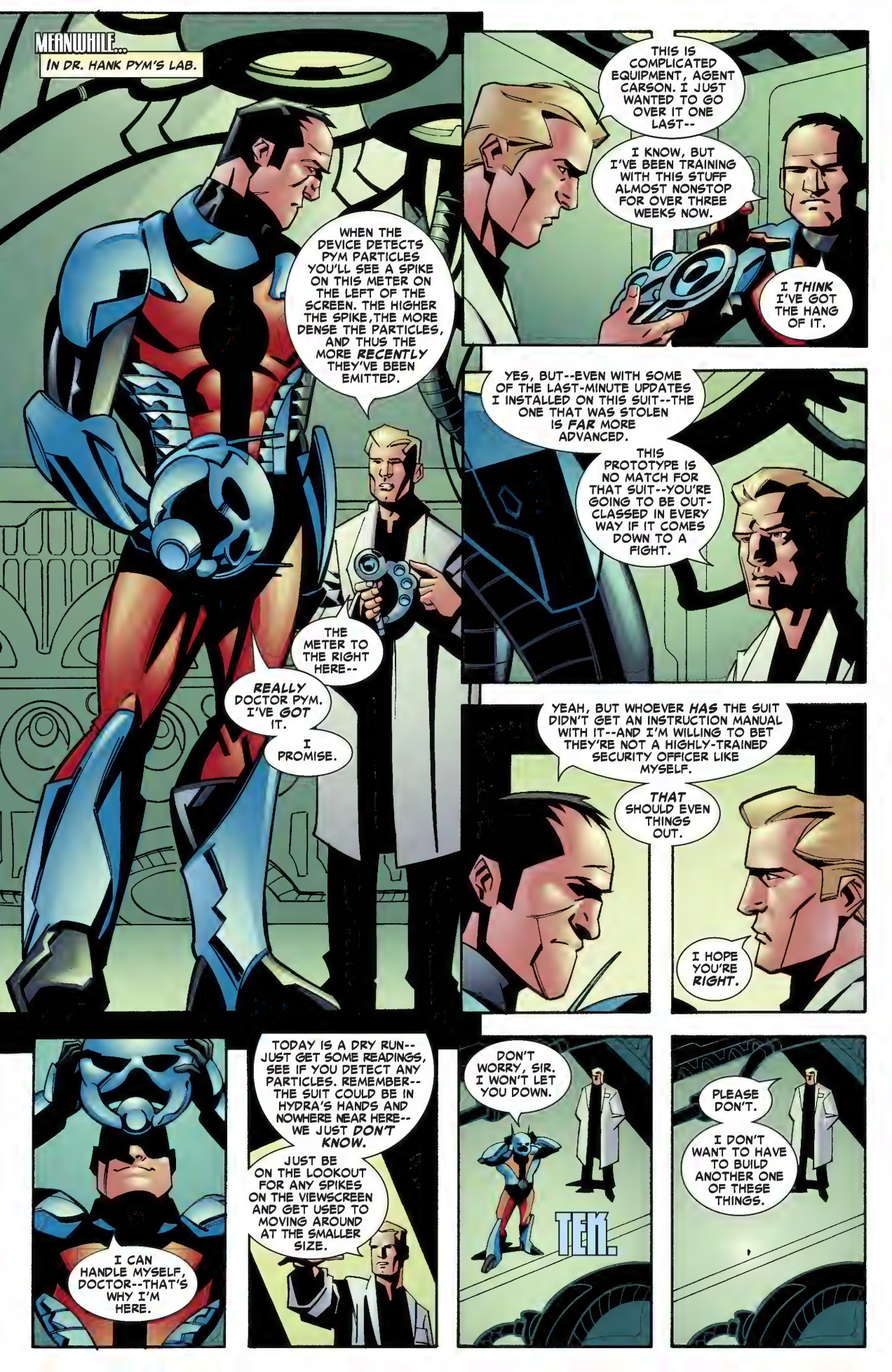

+WHEW!+
CLOSE ONE.

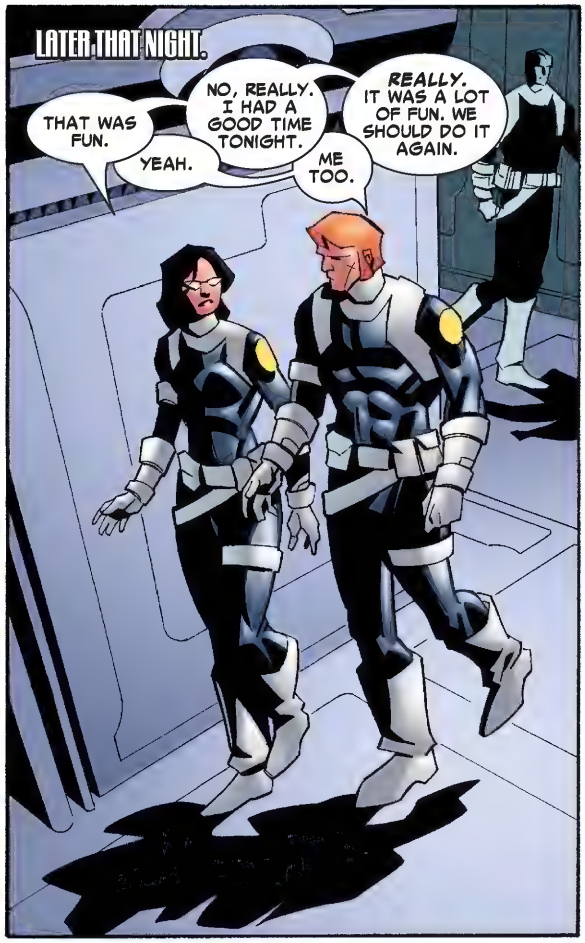
GAH!!


STAY BACK!
STAY BACK!
STAY...?
UH...
NOT ATTACKING, HUH?
STAYING... BACK...
HUH?
LIFT UP ONE LEG.
WOW.
OKAY.
ROLL OVER.
OKAY--I GET IT. I CAN TALK TO YOU, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO WHAT I SAY. THAT'S STILL COOL, AND I'M EVEN GETTING USED TO HOW ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIED I AM OF YOU.
HOW ARE YOU GUYS EVEN HERE? THIS NEW HELICARRIER NOT ACTIVATED ITS PEST CONTROL YET?
YEAH--I'M STUPID. ALMOST EXPECTED YOU TO TALK BACK.
SO--I CAN TALK TO YOU-- GIVE YOU COMMANDS AND STUFF.
THIS IS TOTALLY COOL--A NEW POWER...
BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH IT?


GO! GO! GO! YOU CAN DO IT, SPIKE-- GO!
DON'T LET RUPERT WIN AGAIN! HE'S ALREADY STARTING TO GET ARROGANT! SPEED IT UP!
PUT YOUR THORAX INTO IT!
I COULD DO THIS ALL NIGHT!
BEING A SUPER HERO IS SO COOL.

THE NEXT DAY
IN THE SURVEILLANCE CENTER, ERIC O'GRADY RESUMES HIS REGULAR DUTIES.
THIS SUCKS.
WOW--CHRIS' STATION--IT'S JUST WEIRD. HIM NOT BEING HERE, I MEAN.
YOU KNOW?
OH, HEY, VERONICA.
YEAH, WEIRD. IT'S PRETTY UNCOMFORTABLE ACTUALLY. I MIGHT ASK TO BE MOVED TO A NEW STATION.
ACTUALLY, THE WHOLE THING'S WEIRD. BEING BACK ON THE CARRIER--BACK TO WORK. EVERYONE IS STILL SHELL-SHOCKED FROM WHAT HAPPENED. EVERYONE KNOWS AT LEAST A FEW PEOPLE WE LOST.
EVERYONE IS DEPRESSED.
MAYBE A MONTH WASN'T ENOUGH. MAYBE THEY SENT US BACK TO WORK TOO SOON.
I COULD HAVE USED THE EXTRA TIME--I LOST MY BEST FRIEND. BUT HEY--THE WORLD ISN'T GOING TO SAVE ITSELF.
NOT THAT WE'RE IN ANY WAY INVOLVED IN THAT PART OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
EVERYONE I KNEW IS EITHER DEAD OR STILL IN THE HOSPITAL. I DON'T--I DON'T EVEN HAVE ANYONE TO TALK TO.
LISTEN--ARE YOU DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT?
DO YOU HAVE PLANS?
VERONICA, DID YOU JUST--
DID YOU JUST ASK ME OUT?
DON'T MAKE A BIG THING OF IT. WE'LL GO GRAB SOMETHING TO EAT TOGETHER WHEN OUR SHIFT IS OVER--MAYBE WALK AROUND AND LOOK AT THE REPAIRS.
WE WON'T EVEN CHANGE CLOTHES.
NOT A BIG THING. SURE.
NO PROBLEM.
HEH.

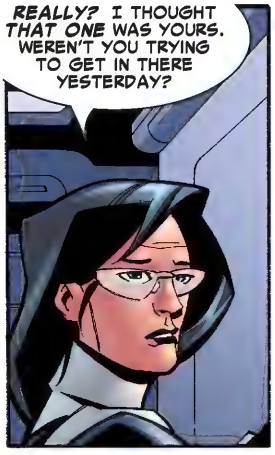

MEANWHILE...
IN DR. HANK PYM'S LAB.
WHEN THE DEVICE DETECTS PYM PARTICLES YOU'LL SEE A SPIKE ON THIS METER ON THE LEFT OF THE SCREEN. THE HIGHER THE SPIKE, THE MORE DENSE THE PARTICLES, AND THUS THE MORE RECENTLY THEY'VE BEEN EMITTED.
THE METER TO THE RIGHT HERE--
REALLY DOCTOR PYM. I'VE GOT IT.
I PROMISE.
THIS IS COMPLICATED EQUIPMENT, AGENT CARSON. I JUST WANTED TO GO OVER IT ONE LAST--
I KNOW, BUT I'VE BEEN TRAINING WITH THIS STUFF ALMOST NONSTOP FOR OVER THREE WEEKS NOW.
I THINK I'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT.
YES, BUT--EVEN WITH SOME OF THE LAST-MINUTE UPDATES I INSTALLED ON THIS SUIT--THE ONE THAT WAS STOLEN IS FAR MORE ADVANCED.
THIS PROTOTYPE IS NO MATCH FOR THAT SUIT--YOU'RE GOING TO BE OUT-CLASSED IN EVERY WAY IF IT COMES DOWN TO A FIGHT.
YEAH, BUT WHOEVER HAS THE SUIT DIDN'T GET AN INSTRUCTION MANUAL WITH IT--AND I'M WILLING TO BET THEY'RE NOT A HIGHLY-TRAINED SECURITY OFFICER LIKE MYSELF.
THAT SHOULD EVEN THINGS OUT.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.
I CAN HANDLE MYSELF, DOCTOR--THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.
TODAY IS A DRY RUN--JUST GET SOME READINGS, SEE IF YOU DETECT ANY PARTICLES. REMEMBER--THE SUIT COULD BE IN HYDRA'S HANDS AND NOWHERE NEAR HERE--WE JUST DON'T KNOW.
JUST BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ANY SPIKES ON THE VIEWSCREEN AND GET USED TO MOVING AROUND AT THE SMALLER SIZE.
DON'T WORRY, SIR. I WON'T LET YOU DOWN.
TEK.
PLEASE DON'T.
I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER ONE OF THESE THINGS.


LATER THAT NIGHT.
THAT WAS FUN.
YEAH.
NO, REALLY. I HAD A GOOD TIME TONIGHT.
ME TOO.
REALLY. IT WAS A LOT OF FUN. WE SHOULD DO IT AGAIN.

OH, I CAN'T BELIEVE I FORGOT TO TELL YOU.
I TALKED TO KIRSTEN EARLIER TODAY-- THE GIRL YOU SAID CHRIS WAS TWO-TIMING ME WITH BEFORE HE DIED...

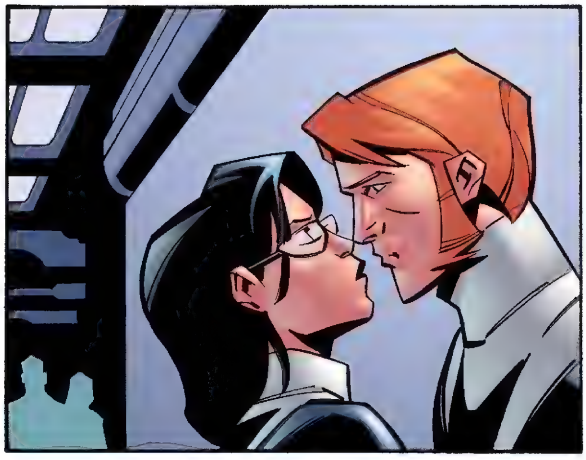
OH YEAH? UH...
WHAT DID SHE SAY?

SHE ACTED LIKE SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT.
REALLY? WEIRD GIRL.
WELL, THIS ONE'S ME.


REALLY? I THOUGHT THAT ONE WAS YOURS. WEREN'T YOU TRYING TO GET IN THERE YESTERDAY?

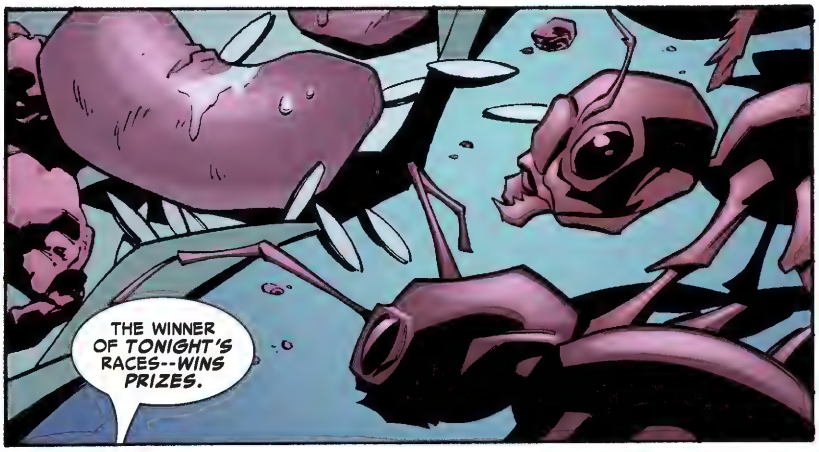
THING IS, I KINDA HAD THE WRONG--
OH, NEVER MIND, IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER.

I JUST WANTED TO SAY-- IT'S BEEN NICE GETTING TO KNOW YOU BETTER.
YOU'RE REALLY NOT SUCH A BAD GUY AFTER ALL.



I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME.
NOT BAD...
HEY.
YOU WANNA...?
HNN?
UGNN.
+SIGH+
VERONICA-- YOU AWAKE?
...
GOOD.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER A BRIEF PIT STOP IN THE CAFETERIA.



WE GOT SOME BEANS, SOME RICE, SOME KIND OF LETTUCE, A BIT OF HAMBURGER AND VARIOUS CRUMBS FROM VARIOUS THINGS.
PRETTY SWEET, HUH?

...BUT I'M TAKING YOU DOWN. RIGHT. NOW.

CRAP.
SAVE SOME OF THE BEANS FOR ME, GUYS.
LOOKS LIKE I MIGHT HAVE TO *FIGHT* THIS GUY.

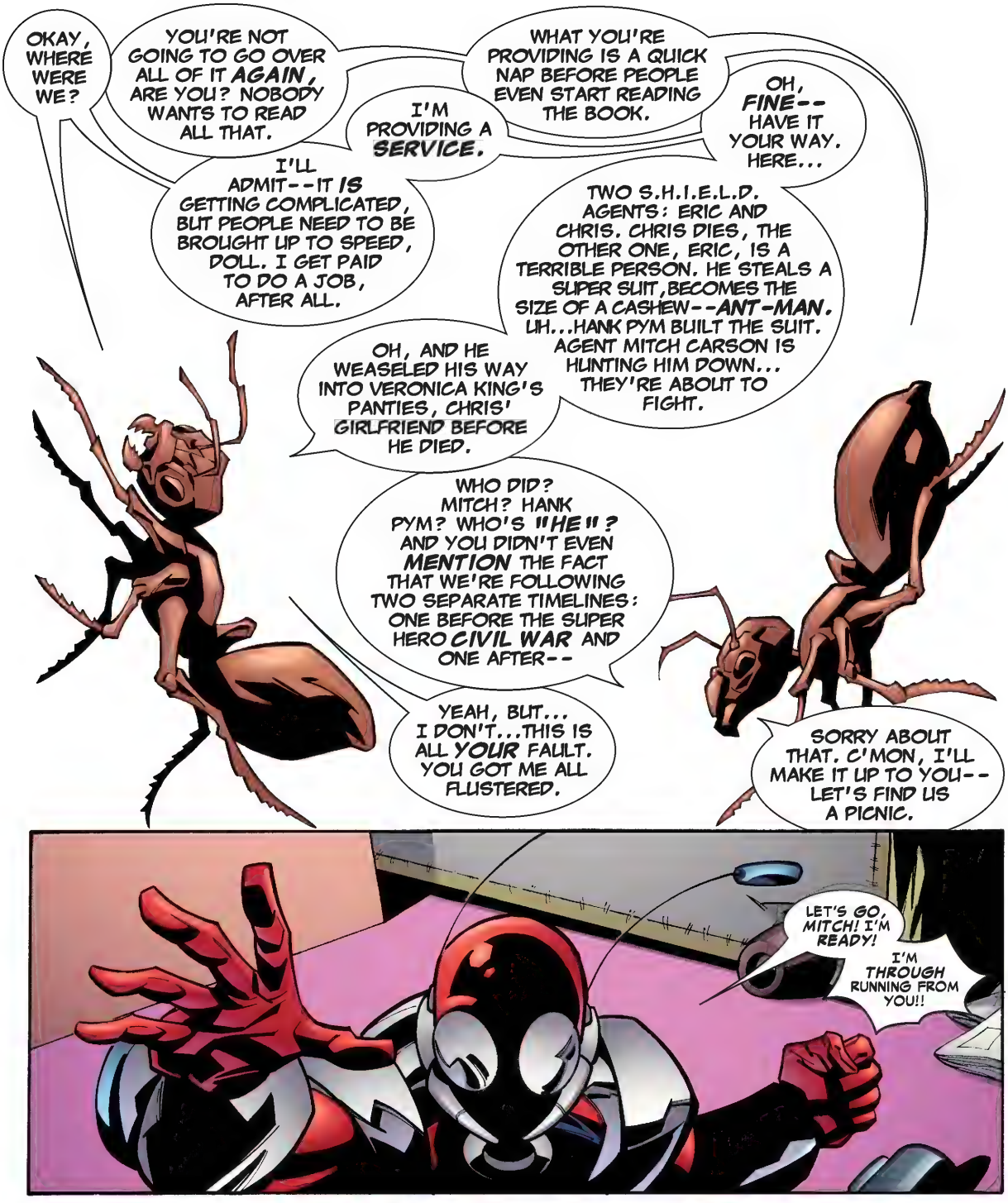
NOW.
428 WEST 79TH STREET. APARTMENT 14C.
NO, DIRECTOR HILL--THERE'S STILL NO SIGN OF HIM. THIS IS THE CLOSEST WE'VE COME SO FAR, THOUGH, AND HE'S BEEN A FUGITIVE FOR LESS THAN A WEEK.
WE'LL FIND HIM, MA'AM. I WON'T LET YOU DOWN.
AGENT CARSON?
YES?
DID YOU FIND SOMETHING?
YES, SIR. WE'VE CONFIRMED HIS FINGERPRINTS ON A TEACUP AND DISCOVERED SOME HAIRS ON THE COUCH THAT SCAN AS HIS.
HE WAS *DEFINITELY* HERE.
WE JUST NEED YOUR APPROVAL TO INITIATE THE INFRARED AND MOTION SENSOR SWEEPS TO ENSURE HE'S NOT STILL HIDING HERE.
APPROVED.
GET STARTED.

I'M GOING BACK ON THE HUNT-- THERE MIGHT BE A RESIDUAL SIGNAL NEARBY. LET ME KNOW RIGHT AWAY IF YOU FIND ANYTHING.
ACTUALLY, SIR--I THINK WE'VE GOT SOMETHING.
WHAT IS IT? IS IT *HIM?*

IT COULD BE...
WAS THAT....?
IT'S HIM!
HE'S HERE!
TEN.

DAMMIT, MITCH--CAN'T YOU JUST LET ME BE?!
LET'S END THIS--
RIGHT HERE--RIGHT NOW!

#5


OKAY, WHERE WERE WE?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GO OVER ALL OF IT AGAIN, ARE YOU? NOBODY WANTS TO READ ALL THAT.
I'M PROVIDING A SERVICE.
WHAT YOU'RE PROVIDING IS A QUICK NAP BEFORE PEOPLE EVEN START READING THE BOOK.
OH, FINE-- HAVE IT YOUR WAY. HERE...
I'LL ADMIT--IT IS GETTING COMPLICATED, BUT PEOPLE NEED TO BE BROUGHT UP TO SPEED, DOLL. I GET PAID TO DO A JOB, AFTER ALL.
TWO S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS: ERIC AND CHRIS. CHRIS DIES, THE OTHER ONE, ERIC, IS A TERRIBLE PERSON. HE STEALS A SUPER SUIT, BECOMES THE SIZE OF A CASHEW--ANT-MAN. UH...HANK PYM BUILT THE SUIT. AGENT MITCH CARSON IS HUNTING HIM DOWN... THEY'RE ABOUT TO FIGHT.
OH, AND HE WEASELED HIS WAY INTO VERONICA KING'S PANTIES, CHRIS' GIRLFRIEND BEFORE HE DIED.
WHO DID? MITCH? HANK PYM? WHO'S "HE"? AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN MENTION THE FACT THAT WE'RE FOLLOWING TWO SEPARATE TIMELINES: ONE BEFORE THE SUPER HERO CIVIL WAR AND ONE AFTER--
YEAH, BUT... I DON'T...THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT. YOU GOT ME ALL FLUSTERED.
SORRY ABOUT THAT. C'MON, I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU-- LET'S FIND US A PICNIC.
LET'S GO, MITCH! I'M READY!
I'M THROUGH RUNNING FROM YOU!!

CONFRONTATION

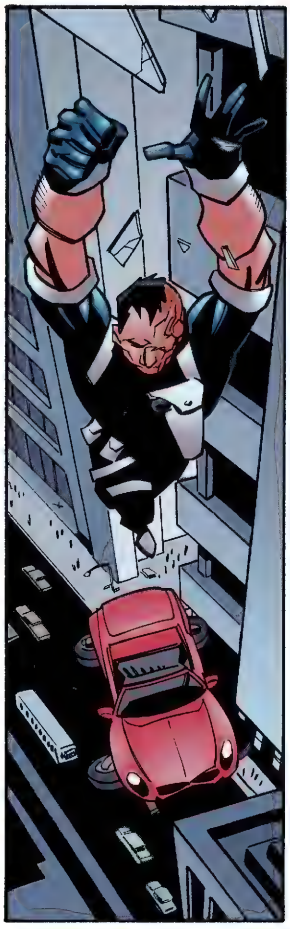
YOU ARE...? REALLY? YOU'RE FINALLY READY TO FACE ME, YOU COWARD?
ACTUALLY... NO--NOT REALLY.
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT THAT DID DISTRACT YOU LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FIGURE OUT AN ESCAPE PLAN.
ANT-MAN AWAY!
SKREESSH!!
DOWN, DOWN AND TO A SAFE HIDING PLACE!

WHERE--?
HE SHRANK-- COULD BE ANYWHERE.

THIS ISN'T OVER.
NOT BY A LONG SHOT.

OH, GOD-- HE WAS HERE?! WHAT WAS THAT?!
MY WINDOW!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE WINDOW FOR YOU, MA'AM.
AND I'LL MAKE SURE THAT CREEP DOESN'T COME BACK.

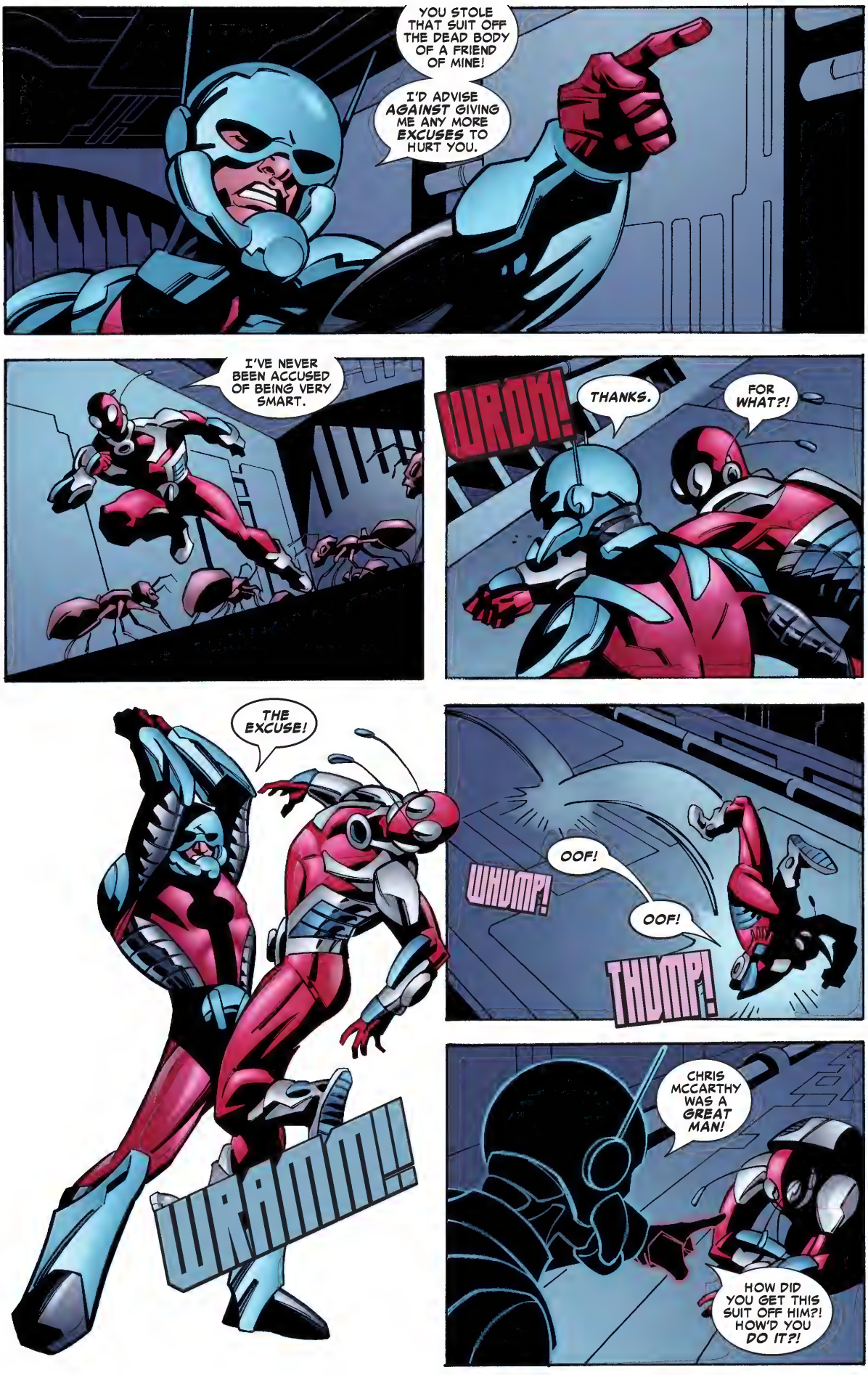
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
AGENT CARSON?



THAP

THREE MONTHS AGO.
DEEP WITHIN THE VENTILATION SYSTEM OF THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER WE FIND AGENT MITCH CARSON, WEARING A PROTOTYPE ANT-MAN SUIT, TRYING TO APPREHEND HIS FRIEND ERIC O'GRADY, THE THIEF OF THE FINAL, MORE ADVANCED, ANT-MAN SUIT.
MITCH DOESN'T KNOW THIS IS ERIC...BUT ERIC KNOWS THIS IS MITCH.
LAST CHANCE TO SURRENDER!
LIE FACE DOWN ON THE GROUND AND PUT YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR HEAD.

YOU DON'T *REALLY* THINK IT'S GOING TO BE THAT *EASY*, DO YOU?


YOU STOLE THAT SUIT OFF THE DEAD BODY OF A FRIEND OF MINE!
I'D ADVISE AGAINST GIVING ME ANY MORE EXCUSES TO HURT YOU.
I'VE NEVER BEEN ACCUSED OF BEING VERY SMART.
WROM!
THANKS.
FOR WHAT?!
THE EXCUSE!
WHUMP!
OOF!
OOF!
THUMP!
WRAMM!!
CHRIS MCCARTHY WAS A GREAT MAN!
HOW DID YOU GET THIS SUIT OFF HIM?! HOW'D YOU DO IT?!

DID YOU KILL HIM FIRST?!
IS THAT HOW YOU GOT IT--DID YOU KILL HIM?!
WROKK!!

ANSWER ME!

CAN'T...
...BREATHE.
PATHETIC--YOU'RE PATHETIC!

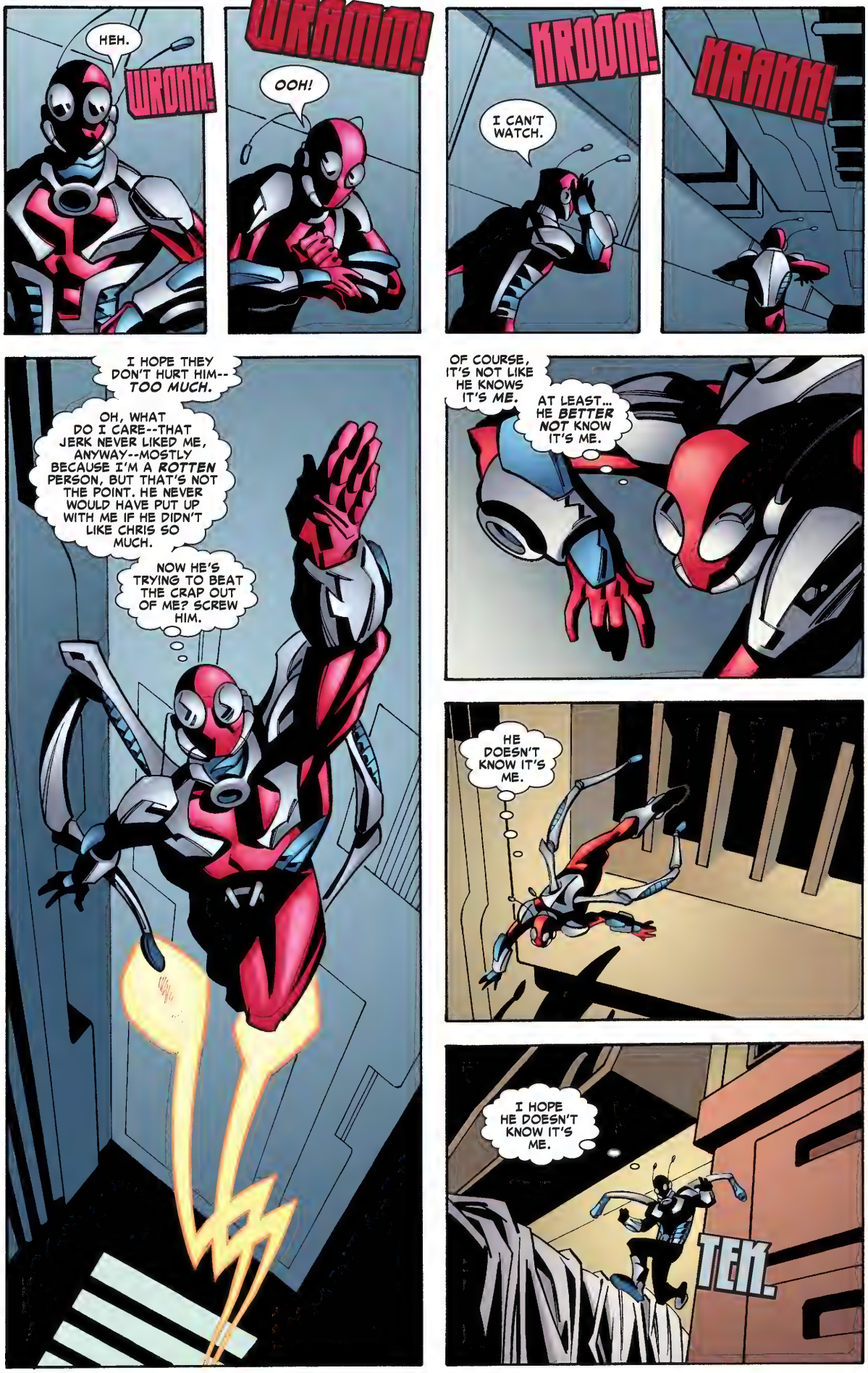
DON'T GET ME WRONG--I'D LOVE TO KILL YOU. YOU DESERVE WORSE--BUT I'M UNDER ORDERS.

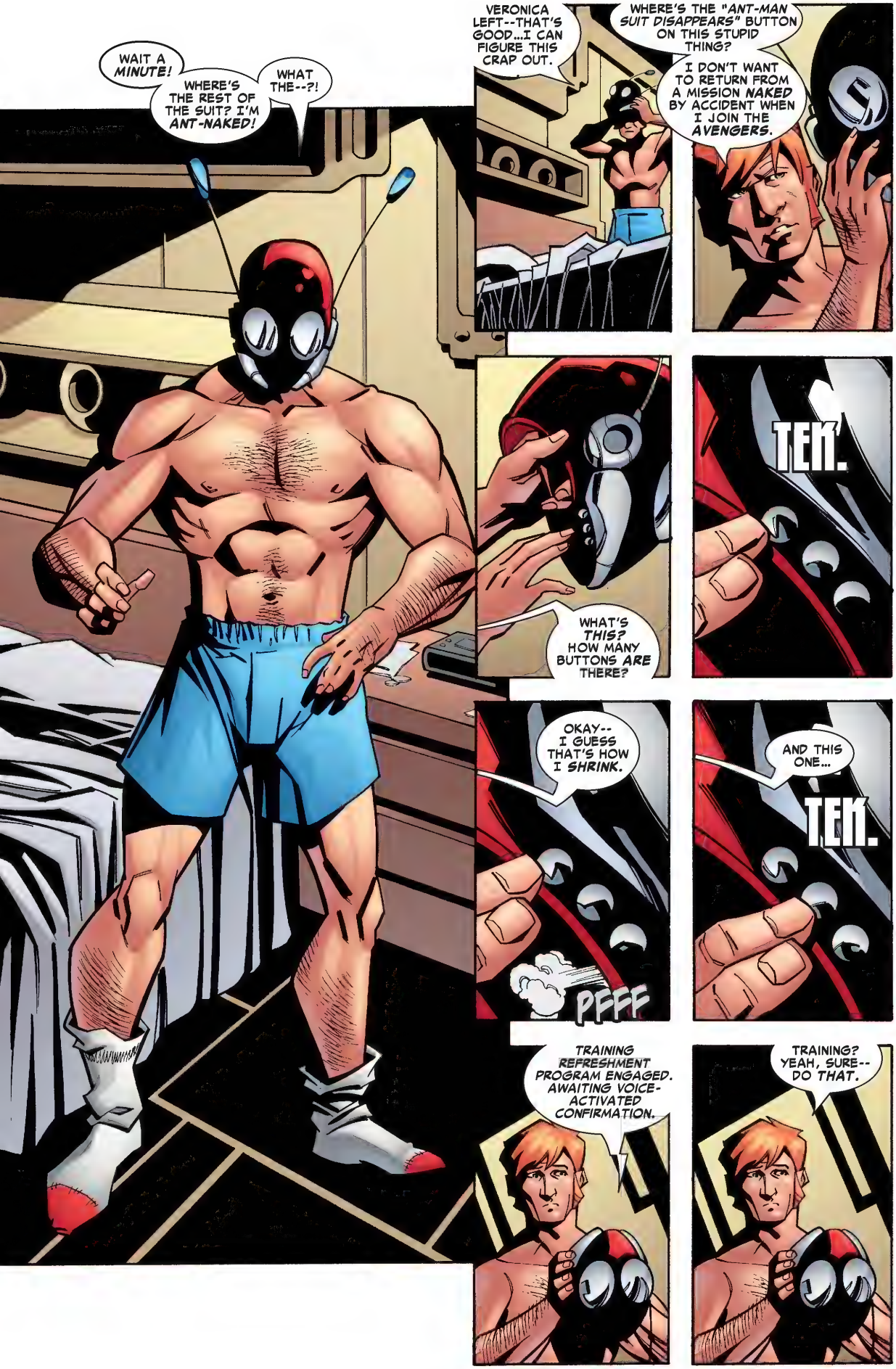
AFTER YOU BLACK OUT, I'M TAKING YOU IN, AND RECOMMENDING YOU BE TRIED FOR TREASON, YOU DIRTBAG.

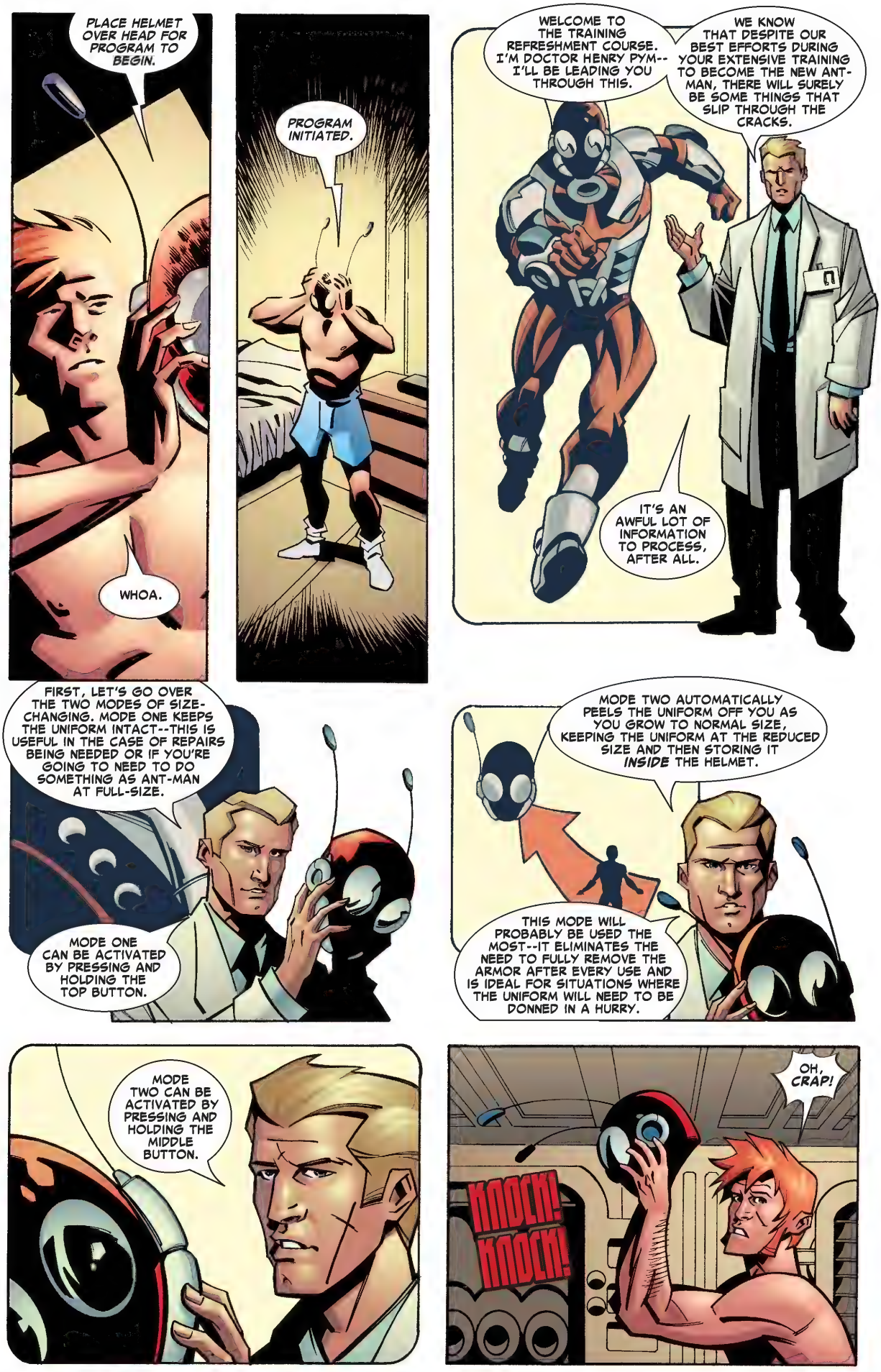
HKK.
CAN... YOU--?

CAN YOU TALK--TO INSECTS?

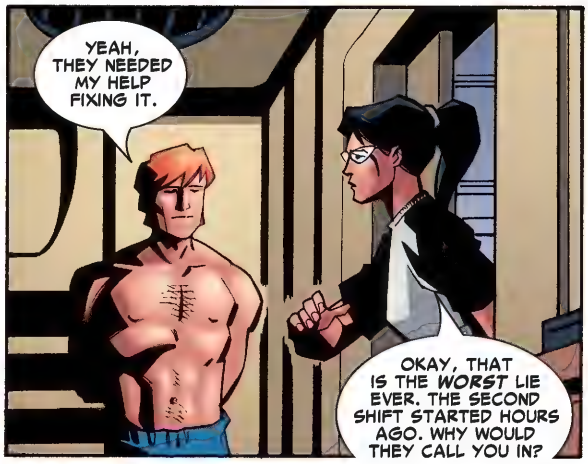
BECAUSE I CAN.
WRAKOOOM!!
HAVE FUN!
THEY'RE ACTUALLY PRETTY NICE IF YOU FEED THEM. GOT ANYTHING IN THOSE POCKETS?
NO?
THEN YOU'RE SCREWED.

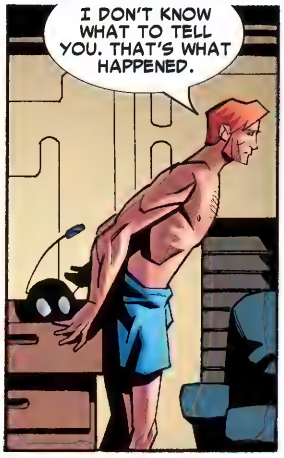

HEH.
WRONK!
WRAMM!
OOH!
I CAN'T WATCH.
KROOM!
KRAKK!
I HOPE THEY DON'T HURT HIM-- TOO MUCH.
OH, WHAT DO I CARE--THAT JERK NEVER LIKED ME, ANYWAY--MOSTLY BECAUSE I'M A ROTTEN PERSON, BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT. HE NEVER WOULD HAVE PUT UP WITH ME IF HE DIDN'T LIKE CHRIS SO MUCH.
NOW HE'S TRYING TO BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF ME? SCREW HIM.
OF COURSE, IT'S NOT LIKE HE KNOWS IT'S ME.
AT LEAST... HE BETTER NOT KNOW IT'S ME.
HE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S ME.
I HOPE HE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S ME.
TEK.

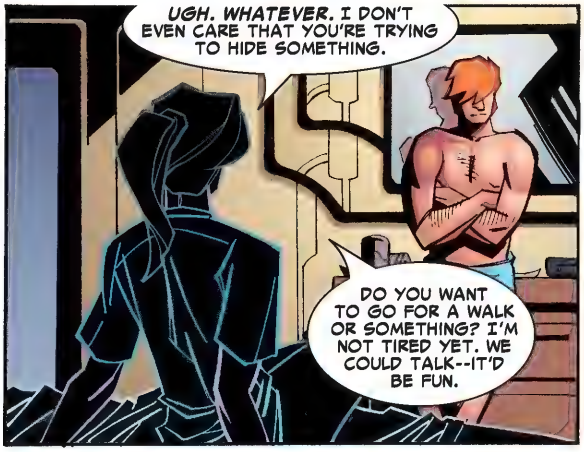

WAIT A MINUTE!
WHERE'S THE REST OF THE SUIT? I'M ANT-NAKED!
WHAT THE--?!
VERONICA LEFT--THAT'S GOOD...I CAN FIGURE THIS CRAP OUT.
WHERE'S THE "ANT-MAN SUIT DISAPPEARS" BUTTON ON THIS STUPID THING?
I DON'T WANT TO RETURN FROM A MISSION NAKED BY ACCIDENT WHEN I JOIN THE AVENGERS.
WHAT'S THIS? HOW MANY BUTTONS ARE THERE?
TEK.
OKAY-- I GUESS THAT'S HOW I SHRINK.
PFFF
AND THIS ONE...
TEK.
TRAINING REFRESHMENT PROGRAM ENGAGED. AWAITING VOICE-ACTIVATED CONFIRMATION.
TRAINING? YEAH, SURE-- DO THAT.


PLACE HELMET OVER HEAD FOR PROGRAM TO BEGIN.
WHOA.
PROGRAM INITIATED.
WELCOME TO THE TRAINING REFRESHMENT COURSE. I'M DOCTOR HENRY PYM--I'LL BE LEADING YOU THROUGH THIS.
WE KNOW THAT DESPITE OUR BEST EFFORTS DURING YOUR EXTENSIVE TRAINING TO BECOME THE NEW ANT-MAN, THERE WILL SURELY BE SOME THINGS THAT SLIP THROUGH THE CRACKS.
IT'S AN AWFUL LOT OF INFORMATION TO PROCESS, AFTER ALL.
FIRST, LET'S GO OVER THE TWO MODES OF SIZE-CHANGING. MODE ONE KEEPS THE UNIFORM INTACT--THIS IS USEFUL IN THE CASE OF REPAIRS BEING NEEDED OR IF YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO DO SOMETHING AS ANT-MAN AT FULL-SIZE.
MODE ONE CAN BE ACTIVATED BY PRESSING AND HOLDING THE TOP BUTTON.
MODE TWO AUTOMATICALLY PEELS THE UNIFORM OFF YOU AS YOU GROW TO NORMAL SIZE, KEEPING THE UNIFORM AT THE REDUCED SIZE AND THEN STORING IT *INSIDE* THE HELMET.
THIS MODE WILL PROBABLY BE USED THE MOST--IT ELIMINATES THE NEED TO FULLY REMOVE THE ARMOR AFTER EVERY USE AND IS IDEAL FOR SITUATIONS WHERE THE UNIFORM WILL NEED TO BE DONNED IN A HURRY.
MODE TWO CAN BE ACTIVATED BY PRESSING AND HOLDING THE MIDDLE BUTTON.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
OH, CRAP!

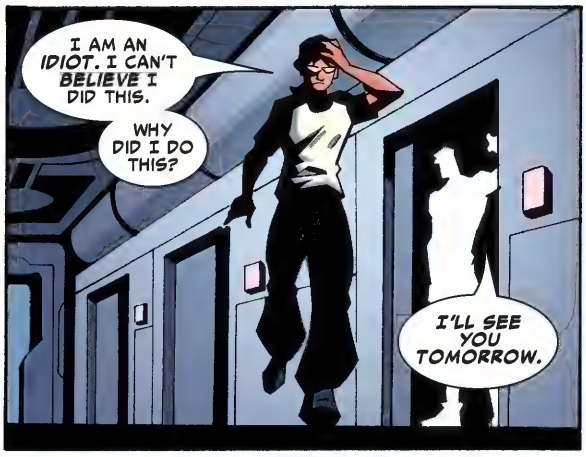
VERONICA!
HEY...
THERE YOU ARE. WHERE DID YOU GO? I WOKE UP AND YOU WERE GONE.
YEAH--SORRY ABOUT THAT. THERE WAS A PROBLEM WITH MY TERMINAL IN THE SURVEILLANCE CENTER AND THEY CALLED ME IN TO FIX IT.
THEY CALLED YOU IN--THIS LATE?


YEAH, THEY NEEDED MY HELP FIXING IT.
OKAY, THAT IS THE WORST LIE EVER. THE SECOND SHIFT STARTED HOURS AGO. WHY WOULD THEY CALL YOU IN?


I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED.

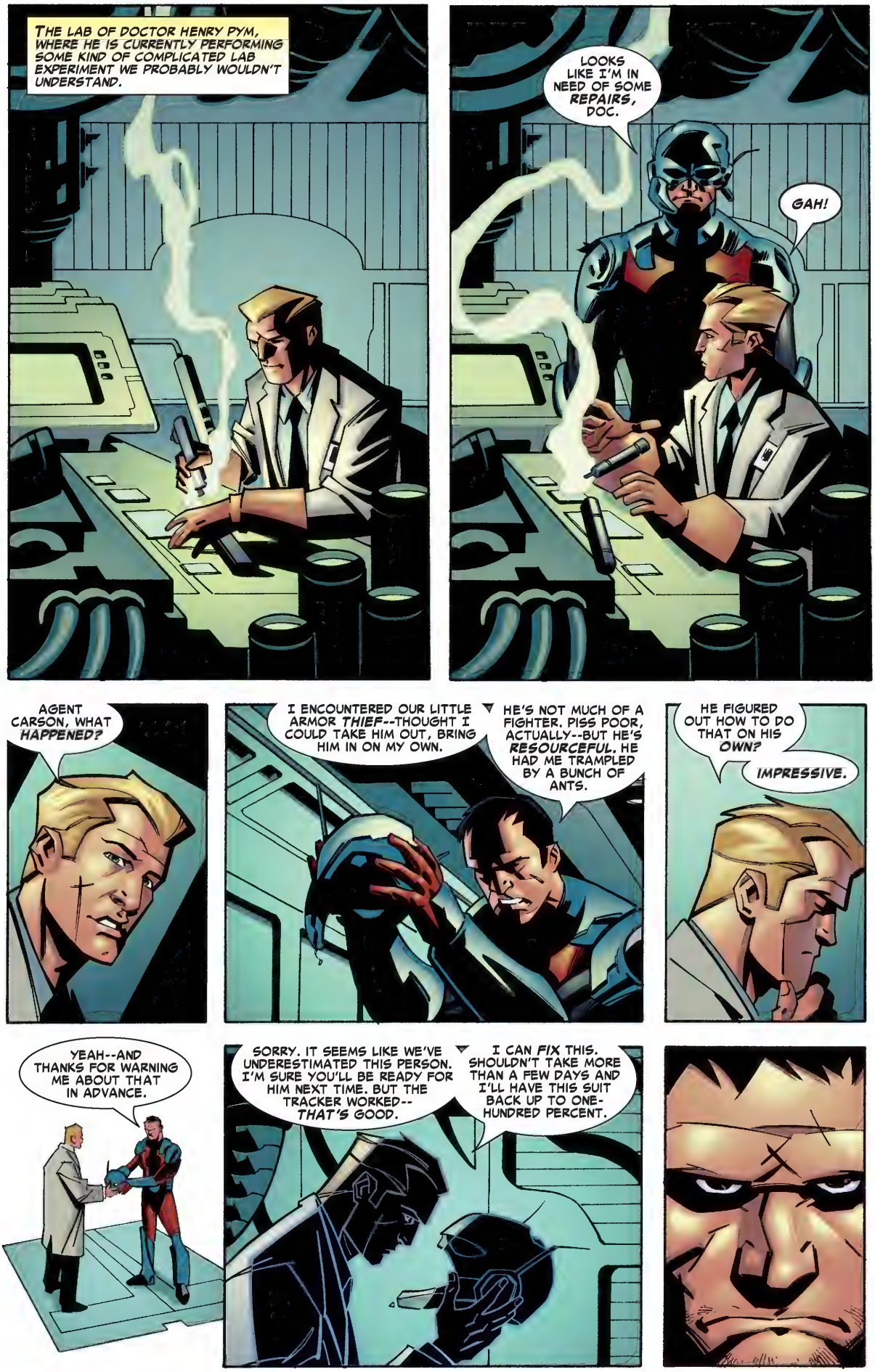

UGH. WHATEVER. I DON'T EVEN CARE THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING.
DO YOU WANT TO GO FOR A WALK OR SOMETHING? I'M NOT TIRED YET. WE COULD TALK--IT'D BE FUN.

YEAH, NO...I'M NOT UP FOR THAT. I'M KINDA BEAT. I WAS GOING TO JUST CALL IT A NIGHT.
I HAD FUN, THOUGH. REALLY.


I AM AN IDIOT. I CAN'T BELIEVE I DID THIS.
WHY DID I DO THIS?
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

JERK!

WHAT?!
ME?!

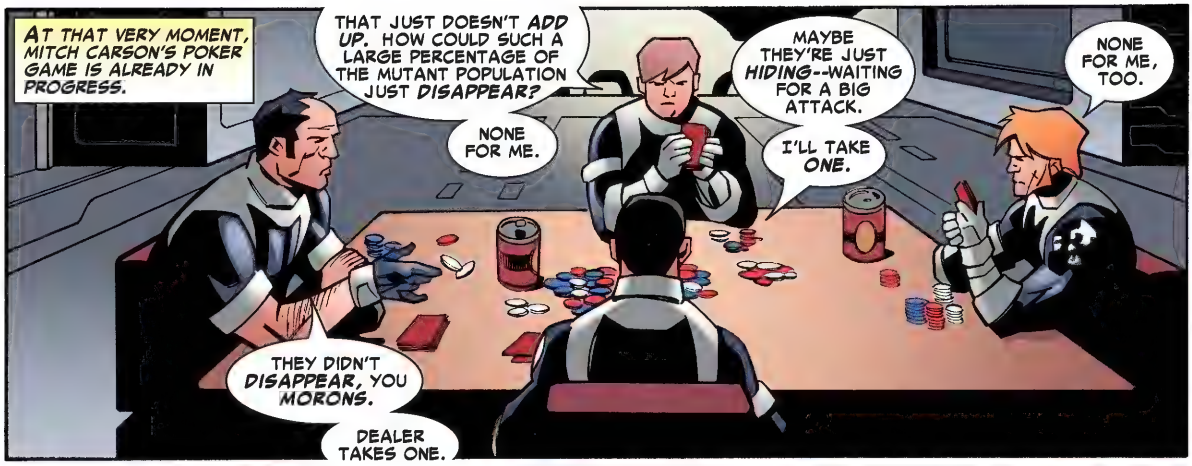

THE LAB OF DOCTOR HENRY PYM, WHERE HE IS CURRENTLY PERFORMING SOME KIND OF COMPLICATED LAB EXPERIMENT WE PROBABLY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.
LOOKS LIKE I'M IN NEED OF SOME REPAIRS, DOC.
GAH!
AGENT CARSON, WHAT HAPPENED?
I ENCOUNTERED OUR LITTLE ARMOR THIEF--THOUGHT I COULD TAKE HIM OUT, BRING HIM IN ON MY OWN.
HE'S NOT MUCH OF A FIGHTER. PISS POOR, ACTUALLY--BUT HE'S RESOURCEFUL. HE HAD ME TRAMPLED BY A BUNCH OF ANTS.
HE FIGURED OUT HOW TO DO THAT ON HIS OWN?
IMPRESSIVE.
YEAH--AND THANKS FOR WARNING ME ABOUT THAT IN ADVANCE.
SORRY. IT SEEMS LIKE WE'VE UNDERESTIMATED THIS PERSON. I'M SURE YOU'LL BE READY FOR HIM NEXT TIME. BUT THE TRACKER WORKED--THAT'S GOOD.
I CAN FIX THIS. SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN A FEW DAYS AND I'LL HAVE THIS SUIT BACK UP TO ONE-HUNDRED PERCENT.

THE SURVEILLANCE CENTER--WHERE FOR THE PAST SEVEN HOURS ERIC O'GRADY HAS BEEN PROVING THAT NOT ALL S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS ZIP AROUND ON JET PACKS SAVING THE WORLD ALL DAY.
TWO WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE HIS CONFRONTATION WITH MITCH CARSON IN THE VENTILATION SHAFT.
+COUGH!+
+COUGH!+
+AHEM!+
+SIGH+
HIS SHIFT IS OVER IN THREE...TWO...
BEEP.
BEEP.
YABBA-DABBA-DOO.

ERIC, HOLD UP.
VERONICA? HEY.
YOU DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT? I THOUGHT MAYBE WE COULD DO SOMETHING TOGETHER. IT'S BEEN A *WHILE.*
HAS IT? YEAH, I DON'T KNOW... I'VE KINDA GOT PLANS.
YOU KNOW WHAT, ERIC? YOU REALLY ARE A *TOTAL* JERK. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE ME ANYMORE JUST SAY IT. I'M SICK OF THIS GAME YOU'RE PLAYING.
YOU DON'T HAVE *TIME* FOR ME?! IT MAKES ME *SICK!*
YEAH, LOOK--IT'S JUST NOT GOING TO WORK OUT, HONEY. WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU NOW IT'S LIKE... I DON'T KNOW...
BEEN THERE, DONE THAT... Y'KNOW?
SMAKK!!
OW.
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR?!
I WAS JUST BEING *HONEST.*

THAT WOMAN'S CRAZY.
GAH!
MITCH--HEY! WHAT CAN I--?
UH--WHY ARE YOU HERE?
SORRY, ERIC--DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU. I JUST HATE WAITING IN THE HALL AND I LOVE ABUSING MY CLEARANCE LEVEL.
CAN YOU FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO FORGIVE ME?
SURE, MAN. YOU KNOW I'D BE DOING IT TOO...
...WERE I IN YOUR POSITION.
ANOTHER ON THE LONG LIST OF REASONS YOU'RE NOT IN MY POSITION.
YOU COME HERE JUST TO INSULT ME? YOU GOT SOMETHING TO SAY?
TONIGHT'S POKER NIGHT. WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW IT'S STILL ON.
THAT'S ALL.
BUT, WITH CHRIS...I THOUGHT MAYBE WE'D BE HOLDING OFF ON THAT FOR A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.
THOUGHT ABOUT IT, AND I DON'T THINK CHRIS WOULD LIKE THE IDEA OF SPOILING OUR FUN.
I THINK CHRIS WOULD WANT US TO DO THIS.
SURE, THAT MAKES SENSE. CHRIS WOULD THINK THAT WAY.
DAMN STRAIGHT. MY PLACE, 2100 HOURS.
DON'T BE LATE.

LATER, IN THE QUARTERS OF VERONICA KING, VERY DARK EVENTS TRANSPIRE.
DARK EVENTS WHICH COULD VERY WELL SPELL DOOM FOR ERIC O'GRADY.
#*&%ING JERK!
+SNIFF+
+SNIFF+
+SNIFF+
#*&%ING JERK!
E.P.T.
EASY PREGNANCY TEST


AT THAT VERY MOMENT, MITCH CARSON'S POKER GAME IS ALREADY IN PROGRESS.
THAT JUST DOESN'T ADD UP. HOW COULD SUCH A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF THE MUTANT POPULATION JUST DISAPPEAR?
NONE FOR ME.
MAYBE THEY'RE JUST HIDING--WAITING FOR A BIG ATTACK.
I'LL TAKE ONE.
NONE FOR ME, TOO.
THEY DIDN'T DISAPPEAR, YOU MORONS.
DEALER TAKES ONE.

NO? THEN WHAT?

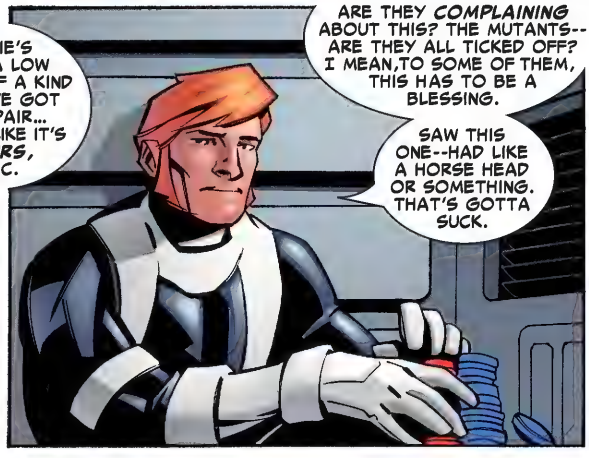
A LARGE PERCENTAGE--LIKE NINETY PERCENT OF ALL THE MUTANTS IN THE WORLD, JUST...I DON'T KNOW, STOPPED BEING MUTANTS.
LET'S SEE THEM, ERIC.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN--LIKE, QUIT THE X-MEN AND WHATEVER?
THREE OF A KIND.

NO, THEY DIDN'T QUIT SOMETHING--ONE MINUTE THEY WERE MUTANTS, THE NEXT MINUTE THEY WEREN'T.

LIKE A MAGIC TRICK?
I GOT NOTHING--A PAIR.

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
MORON.
JAMIE'S GOT A LOW THREE OF A KIND AND I'VE GOT TWO PAIR... LOOKS LIKE IT'S YOURS, ERIC.


ARE THEY COMPLAINING ABOUT THIS? THE MUTANTS--ARE THEY ALL TICKED OFF? I MEAN,TO SOME OF THEM, THIS HAS TO BE A BLESSING.
SAW THIS ONE--HAD LIKE A HORSE HEAD OR SOMETHING. THAT'S GOTTA SUCK.

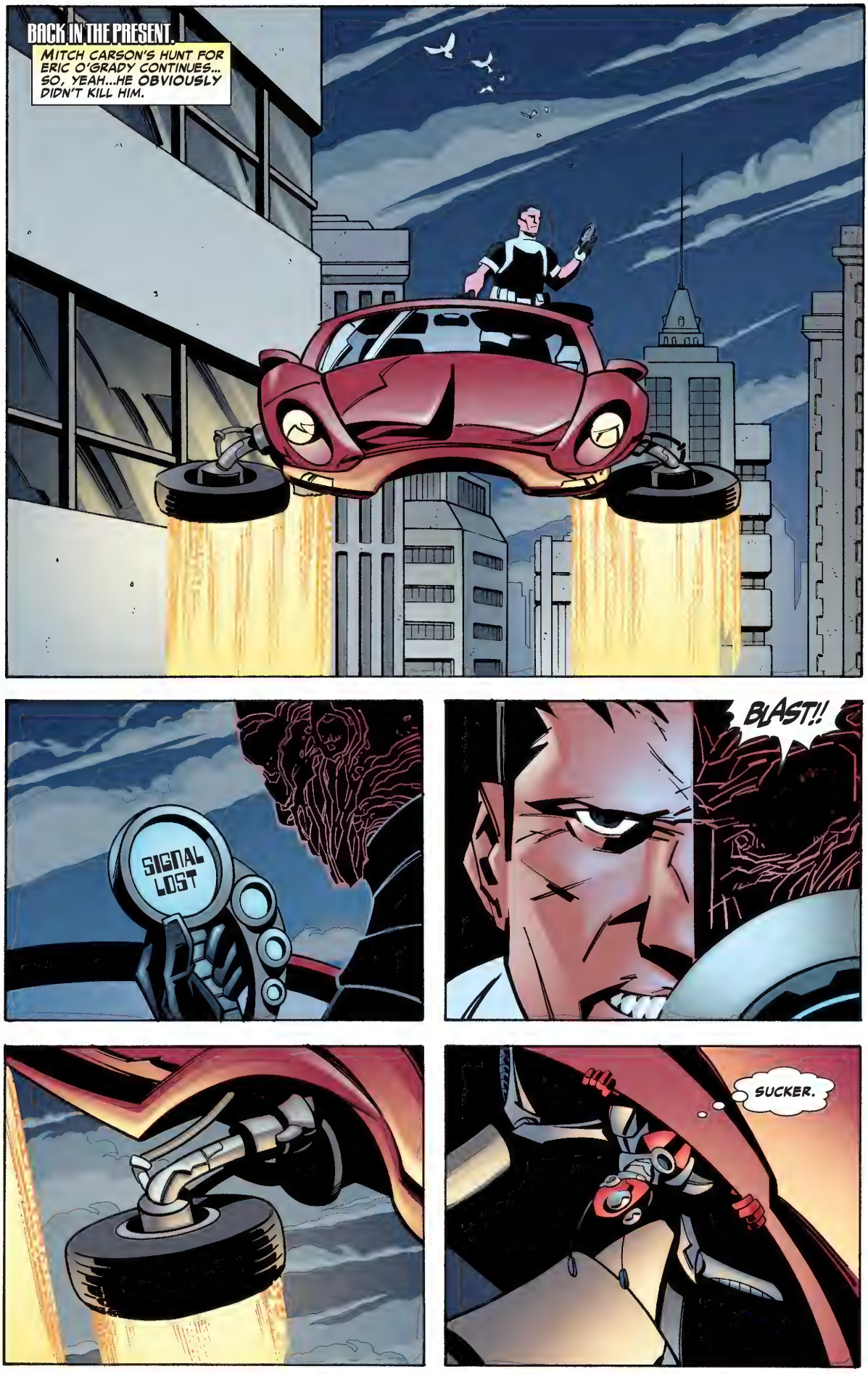
REGARDLESS OF WHETHER OR NOT THE MUTANTS ARE THROWING A PARTY--THE TOP BRASS IS NOT HAPPY. THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.
THEY'VE REINSTATED THE SENTINEL PROGRAM--THIS IS SERIOUS.
THEY THINK THIS COULD BE SOME KIND OF MUTANT TRICK--A PRELUDE TO AN ATTACK--ANYTHING.

JEEZ...
IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING WITH THE MUTANTS.

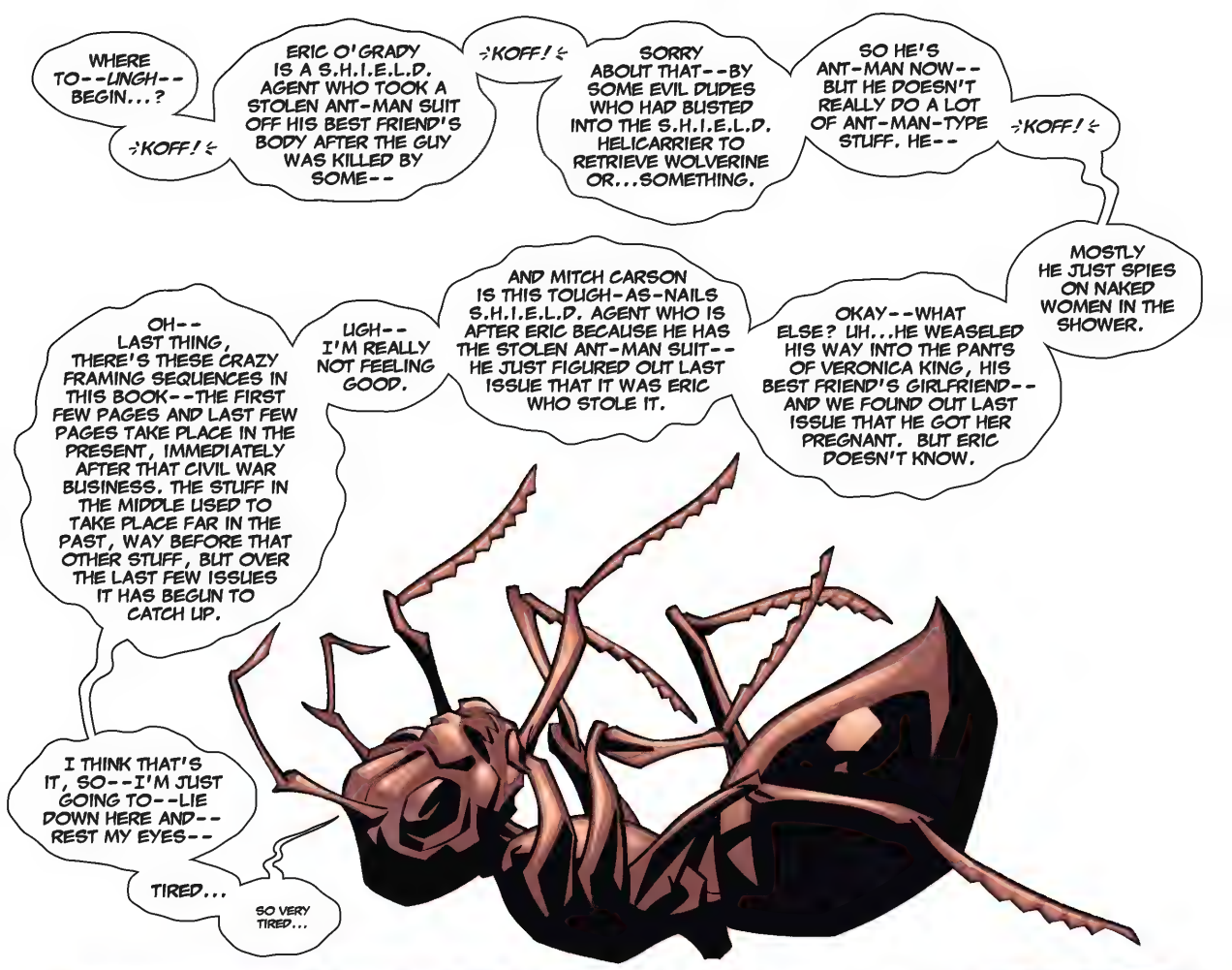
OKAY--LET'S KEEP IT MOVING, STILL A LOT OF MONEY TO BE *LOST*.
HERE GOES.
HOW ABOUT YOU HOLD OFF ON THE CRAP CARDS THIS TIME, EH, MITCH?
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM--YOU JUST KEEP DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING. I'VE GOT *NO* COMPLAINTS.
NONE.
SURE, SURE--SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND ANTE UP.
LET'S GET THINGS MOVING--I'LL START WITH *FIFTY*.
I'VE GOT CHIPS TO *SPARE*.
TOO RICH FOR MY BLOOD.
FOLD.
THERE GOES FOLDY MCFOLDSON... RUNNING SCARED.
I'LL CALL.
I'LL SEE YOUR *FIFTY* AND RAISE YOU *ANOTHER FIFTY*.
I'LL SEE YOUR *FIFTY* AND RAISE YOU ANOTHER *HUNDRED*.
OKAY--I'M OUT.
FOLDY MCFOLDSON, EH? BET YOU WISH YOU'D KEPT THAT FIFTY *NOW*, HUH?
TRYING TO *READ* ME, HUH? YOU *CAN'T*, THOUGH--*CAN YOU?* AM I BLUFFING? YOU THINK YOU CAN *TELL?*
MY BLUFF IS SO GOOD I COULD BE BLUFFING A *BLUFF*--I COULD TELL YOU I'M THE *EASTER BUNNY* AND YOU'D *BELIEVE* ME.
IF THERE'S ONE THING I'M GOOD AT--AND LET ME TELL YOU, *I'M THE BEST*--IT'S *LYING*.
CALM DOWN AND MAKE A BET--I'M ONLY TAKING YOUR *MONEY*.

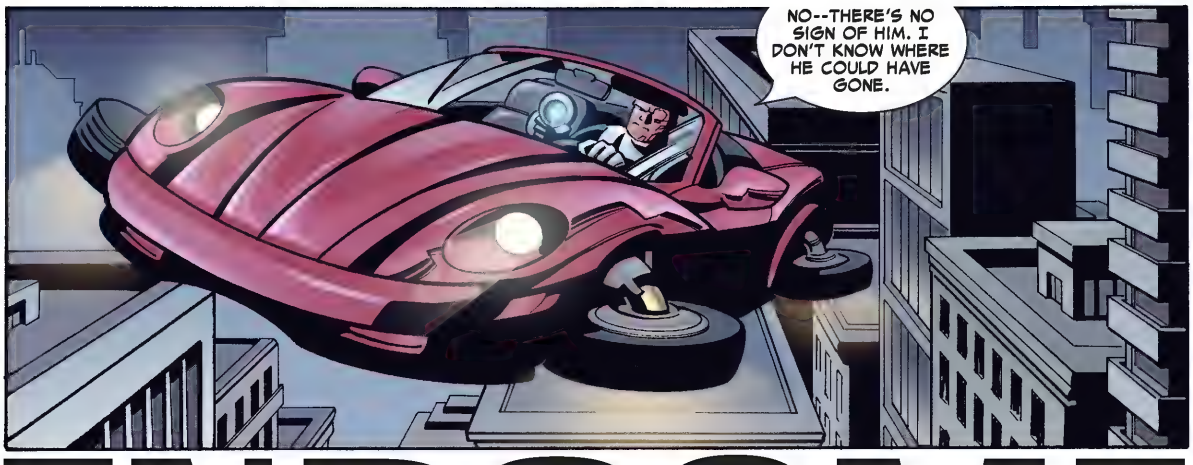
FWOOM!!
IT WAS YOU!!
YOU DID IT!!
OF COURSE IT WAS YOU! IT WAS YOU ALL ALONG! HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO STUPID?!
I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE SEARCHED YOUR QUARTERS--I NEVER TRUSTED YOU--NEVER! BUT CHRIS LIKED YOU--THAT HAD TO COUNT FOR SOMETHING, RIGHT?
HELL NO!

IT WAS YOU-- YOU KILLED HIM!
KRAK!!
MITCH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
HE TOOK THE ARMOR-- MAYBE HE DIDN'T KILL CHRIS, BUT HE TOOK THE ARMOR. HE'S HAD IT THIS WHOLE TIME--HE'S BEEN LYING TO ME--
BLUFFING ALL ALONG!
I--
SPUTT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
MITCH, PLEASE-- YOU'RE ACTING CRAZY. RANTING--YOU'RE NOT MAKING SENSE. WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?!
YEAH, MAN--WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
ERIC O'GRADY IS ANT-MAN!
AND I'M GOING TO KILL HIM!

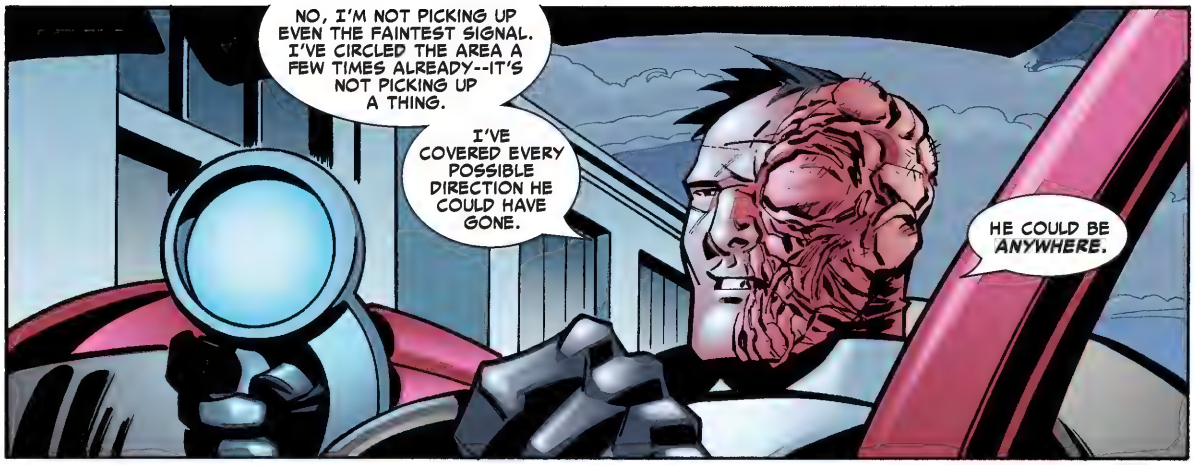

BACK IN THE PRESENT.
MITCH CARSON'S HUNT FOR ERIC O'GRADY CONTINUES... SO, YEAH...HE OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T KILL HIM.
SIGNAL LOST
BLAST!!
SUCKER.

#6


WHERE TO--UNGH--BEGIN...?
:KOFF!:
ERIC O'GRADY IS A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT WHO TOOK A STOLEN ANT-MAN SUIT OFF HIS BEST FRIEND'S BODY AFTER THE GUY WAS KILLED BY SOME--
:KOFF!:
SORRY ABOUT THAT--BY SOME EVIL DUDES WHO HAD BUSTED INTO THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER TO RETRIEVE WOLVERINE OR...SOMETHING.
SO HE'S ANT-MAN NOW--BUT HE DOESN'T REALLY DO A LOT OF ANT-MAN-TYPE STUFF. HE--
:KOFF!:
MOSTLY HE JUST SPIES ON NAKED WOMEN IN THE SHOWER.
OKAY--WHAT ELSE? UH...HE WEASELED HIS WAY INTO THE PANTS OF VERONICA KING, HIS BEST FRIEND'S GIRLFRIEND--AND WE FOUND OUT LAST ISSUE THAT HE GOT HER PREGNANT. BUT ERIC DOESN'T KNOW.
AND MITCH CARSON IS THIS TOUGH-AS-NAILS S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT WHO IS AFTER ERIC BECAUSE HE HAS THE STOLEN ANT-MAN SUIT--HE JUST FIGURED OUT LAST ISSUE THAT IT WAS ERIC WHO STOLE IT.
UGH--I'M REALLY NOT FEELING GOOD.
OH--LAST THING, THERE'S THESE CRAZY FRAMING SEQUENCES IN THIS BOOK--THE FIRST FEW PAGES AND LAST FEW PAGES TAKE PLACE IN THE PRESENT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THAT CIVIL WAR BUSINESS. THE STUFF IN THE MIDDLE USED TO TAKE PLACE FAR IN THE PAST, WAY BEFORE THAT OTHER STUFF, BUT OVER THE LAST FEW ISSUES IT HAS BEGUN TO CATCH UP.
I THINK THAT'S IT, SO--I'M JUST GOING TO--LIE DOWN HERE AND--REST MY EYES--
TIRED...
SO VERY TIRED...


NO--THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM. I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE COULD HAVE GONE.

ENDGAME


NO, I'M NOT PICKING UP EVEN THE FAINTEST SIGNAL. I'VE CIRCLED THE AREA A FEW TIMES ALREADY--IT'S NOT PICKING UP A THING.
I'VE COVERED EVERY POSSIBLE DIRECTION HE COULD HAVE GONE.
HE COULD BE ANYWHERE.

YEAH, MITCH...
...ANYWHERE.

YES, I UNDERSTAND, DIRECTOR HILL--I'LL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO FIND HIM.
YES, I UNDERSTAND.

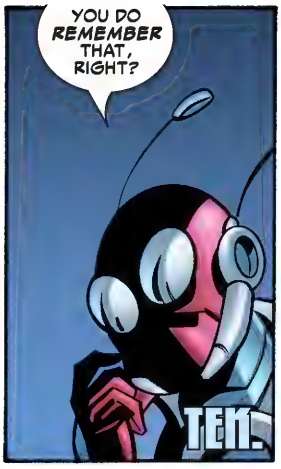
AGENT CARSON OUT.
TEK.

BLAST!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY TEACH S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS TO SAY THAT IN THE ACADEMY SO WE DON'T OFFEND SOMEONE IN THE FIELD.
I MEAN-- DOES THAT ACTUALLY FEEL AS GOOD AS JUST CURSING?

YOU!
YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE SHOWING UP HERE.

WHAT? A MAN CAN'T COME TO VISIT A FRIEND OF HIS JUST BECAUSE HE DID SOMETHING *ILLEGAL* AND SAID FRIEND IS NOW *HUNTING HIM DOWN?*
WHEN WAS *THAT* RULE WRITTEN?


YOU DO *REMEMBER* THAT, RIGHT?
TEK.

THAT WE USED TO BE *FRIENDS?*

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

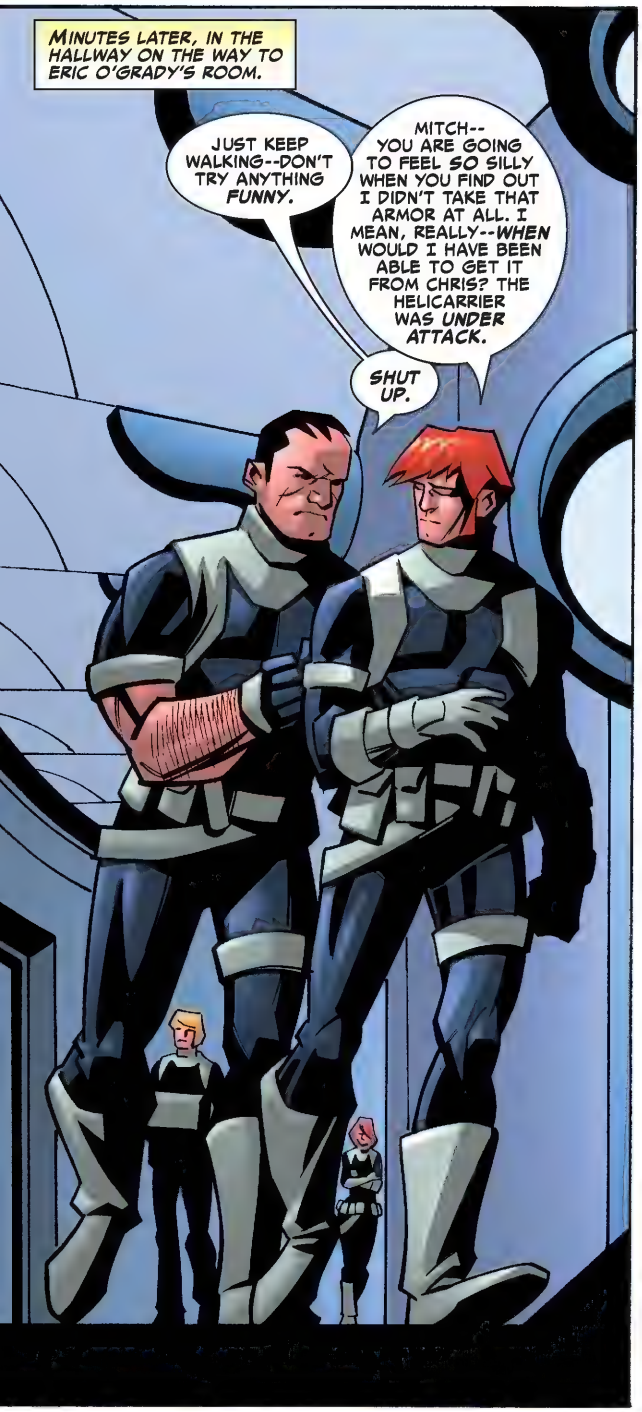
LOOK WHAT YOU *DID* TO *ME! LOOK WHAT YOU DID!!*
I CAN'T *SEE--I CAN'T HEAR!!* HUNTING YOU DOWN IS THE *ONLY* MISSION I'M REMOTELY QUALIFIED FOR NOW!
THEY'RE GOING TO *RETIRE* ME!

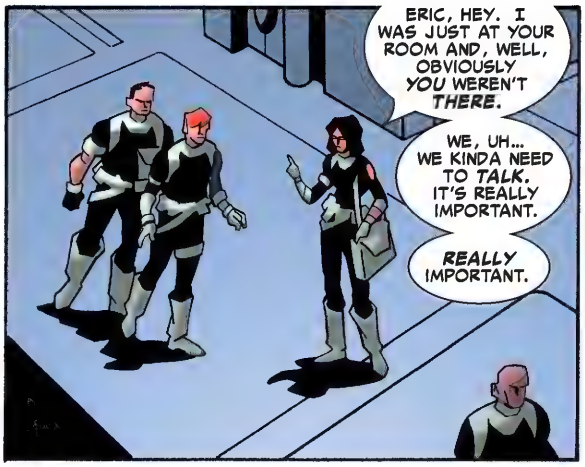
YEAH.
SORRY ABOUT ALL THAT.
TEK.

YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T LET YOU *KILL* ME OVER THAT, THOUGH...
RIGHT?

OKAY--LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT GETTING YOU TO STOP HUNTING ME...

ONE WEEK AGO.
THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER.
WE'RE IN THE ROOM OF AGENT MITCH CARSON, WHERE HE HAS INTERRUPTED A POKER GAME TO ANNOUNCE A STARTLING REVELATION.
ERIC O'GRADY IS A WHAT?
WHAT'S AN ANT-MAN?
MITCH, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?
YOU STOLE THE ARMOR--YOU'VE HAD IT ALL THIS TIME! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID--YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
UH...WE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
THEN YOU CAN BOTH LEAVE!
GO ON--BOTH OF YOU! GET OUT OF HERE. THIS IS BETWEEN ERIC AND ME. I'M SORRY I HAD TO RUIN THE GAME--BUT THIS IS IMPORTANT.
I'LL--I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.
I'D LIKE AN EXPLANATION NOW.
SHUT UP! YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF THIS--I'M THROUGH WITH YOUR LIES!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'VE BEEN LYING TO ME ALL THIS TIME.
MITCH, HEY--COME ON, MAN...YOU'RE MY FRIEND. WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!
LOOK, YOU--YOU SAID YOU SHOULD HAVE SEARCHED MY ROOM--DO THAT NOW. I'LL LET YOU IN. YOU'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE WRONG.
PROMISE.
GET UP.


MINUTES LATER, IN THE HALLWAY ON THE WAY TO ERIC O'GRADY'S ROOM.
JUST KEEP WALKING--DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY.
MITCH-- YOU ARE GOING TO FEEL SO SILLY WHEN YOU FIND OUT I DIDN'T TAKE THAT ARMOR AT ALL. I MEAN, REALLY--WHEN WOULD I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO GET IT FROM CHRIS? THE HELICARRIER WAS UNDER ATTACK.
SHUT UP.


ERIC, HEY. I WAS JUST AT YOUR ROOM AND, WELL, OBVIOUSLY YOU WEREN'T THERE.
WE, UH... WE KINDA NEED TO TALK. IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT.
REALLY IMPORTANT.

YEAH, VERONICA--HEY. I'D LOVE TO CHAT BUT I CAN'T. CAN I CALL YOU LATER?
I'M KINDA ON SOME OFFICIAL BUSINESS HERE. CAN'T REALLY TALK RIGHT NOW.
YOU UNDERSTAND, RIGHT?
SURE, I--
IT'S JUST THAT--

SORRY TO KEEP HIM. VERONICA, WAS IT? WE'LL BE THROUGH IN A MINUTE--I'LL SEND HIM RIGHT UP TO YOUR QUARTERS THEN.
O-OKAY...

IS THAT CHRIS' VERONICA "VERONICA"?
YEAH.
YOU'RE GOING TO HELL.

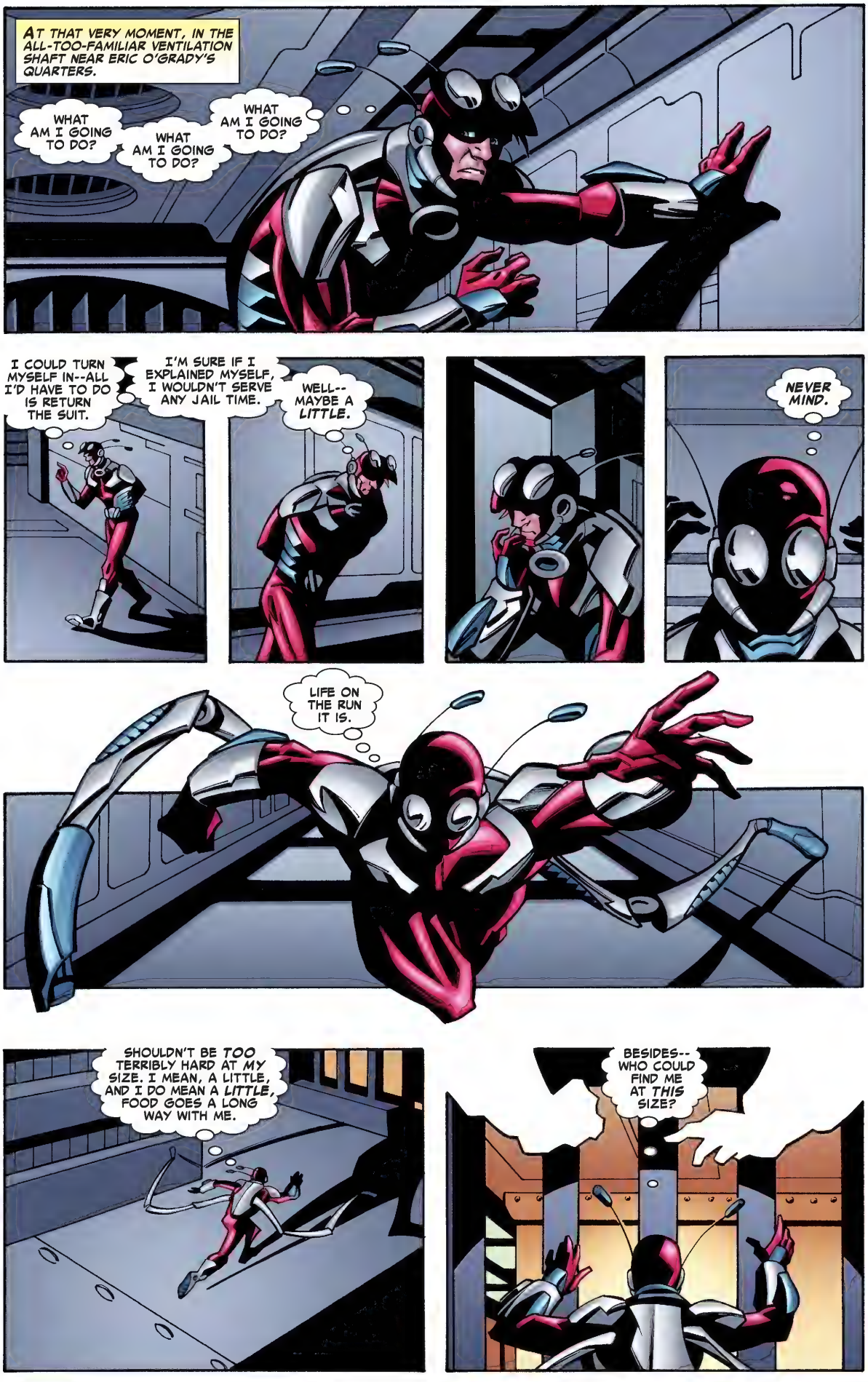
OKAY-- HERE WE ARE.

BOOP BEEP BOOP.

SORRY, I'M JUST NOT USED TO THE NEW ROOM YET--I THINK THAT WAS THE CODE FOR MY OLD ROOM.

BOOP BEEP BOOP.

YEAH-- THAT WAS IT.
OKAY, MITCH--COME RIGHT IN.
I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE!
WHAMM!!
OOF!!
PSSH.
BLA-- DAMMIT!
SECURITY AGENT OVERRIDE--AGENT MITCH CARSON, SECURITY CODE 3495837.
OPEN THIS DOOR.
PSSH.
BLAST!

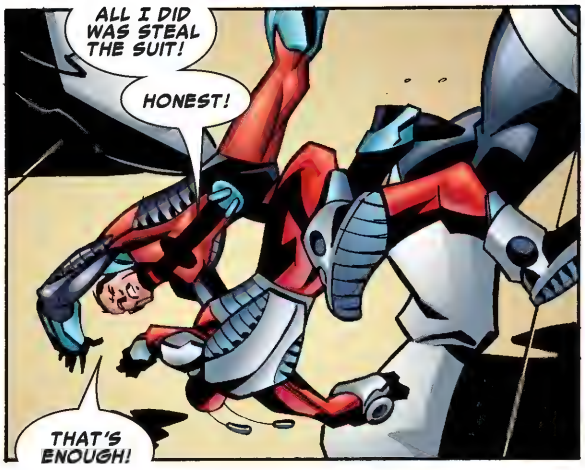

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR VENTILATION SHAFT NEAR ERIC O'GRADY'S QUARTERS.
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
I COULD TURN MYSELF IN--ALL I'D HAVE TO DO IS RETURN THE SUIT.
I'M SURE IF I EXPLAINED MYSELF, I WOULDN'T SERVE ANY JAIL TIME.
WELL--MAYBE A LITTLE.
NEVER MIND.
LIFE ON THE RUN IT IS.
SHOULDN'T BE TOO TERRIBLY HARD AT MY SIZE. I MEAN, A LITTLE, AND I DO MEAN A LITTLE, FOOD GOES A LONG WAY WITH ME.
BESIDES--WHO COULD FIND ME AT THIS SIZE?

SKROOM!
WHUMP!
NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS NOW, ARE YOU?
I DON'T KNOW--I MAY STILL THINK OF SOMETHING.
OR I COULD JUST KICK YOUR BLAST!
WRAMM!
SHLOPP!

WHAT THE HELL?!
YOU MAY BE A BETTER AGENT THAN ME, MITCH-- YOU MAY GET INTO FIGHTS ALL THE TIME BUT I'M WILLING TO BET I CAN DO A FEW MORE THINGS WITH MY ARMOR THAN YOU CAN WITH YOURS.
I COULD STILL WIN!
KEEP DREAMING!
HOLY CRAP-- WHAT ARE THEY?
LOOK AT 'EM GO!
WHAT'S GOING ON OVER HERE?
DON'T WORRY, KID--IT'LL ALL BE OVER SOON!
KRAK!
NOT IF I RUN!
WOOSH!
I AIN'T GONNA LET THAT HAPPEN!
WHUMP!
OOF!!

YOU SURRENDER AND THE BEATING STOPS, ERIC!
DON'T MAKE ME KILL YOU!
KRAK!
I DIDN'T KILL CHRIS, MAN! I SWEAR I DIDN'T!

WHAT THE--?!


ALL I DID WAS STEAL THE SUIT!
HONEST!
THAT'S ENOUGH!

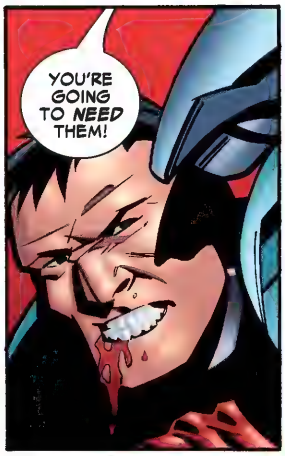
ACK!!

LEAVE ME--
--ALONE!!
KRAK!
KRAK!

I'M OUT OF HERE!

NO.
NOT GIVING UP, HUH?

I WONDER IF YOUR JET BOOTS STILL WORK.

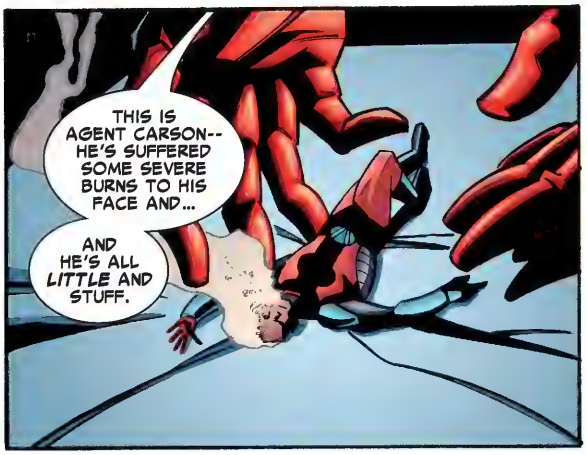

YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THEM!

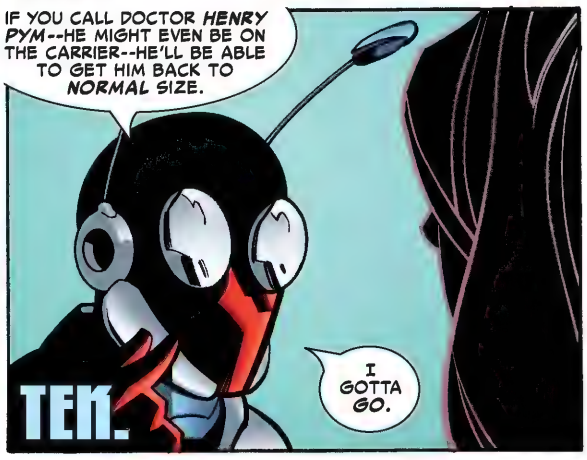
WOOSH!!
YEAAAAGGHH!!!
OH, CRAP.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO THAT.
I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN TO DO THAT.
HANG IN THERE, MAN.
I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
I'M GOING TO REGRET THIS...
...I JUST KNOW IT.
TEK.

THIS IS SECURITY AGENT MITCH CARSON IN MY HANDS HERE-- HE'S, UH... HE'S HURT PRETTY BAD.
DO ANY OF YOU KNOW WHERE THE INFIRMARY IS ON THIS LEVEL?
IT'S ABOUT SEVEN SECTIONS DOWN THAT MAIN HALL BEHIND YOU. IT'S IN SECTOR C.
THANKS!
THAT WAS--!
FALL IN, GRUNTS!
STOP HIM!

WE KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING--WHEN WE SEE HIM, DON'T OPEN FIRE. WE DON'T WANT TO HIT AGENT CARSON.
YES, SIR!

SORRY TO BUST IN LIKE THIS BUT I'VE GOT A *PATIENT* FOR YOU!
WHA--?!


THIS IS AGENT CARSON--HE'S SUFFERED SOME SEVERE BURNS TO HIS FACE AND...
AND HE'S ALL *LITTLE* AND STUFF.


IF YOU CALL DOCTOR *HENRY PYM*--HE MIGHT EVEN BE ON THE CARRIER--HE'LL BE ABLE TO GET HIM BACK TO *NORMAL* SIZE.
I GOTTA GO.
TEK.

WHERE IS HE?! WHERE'S THAT *CLOWN* IN THE ANT-MAN SUIT?!
HE, UH... HE LEFT THIS LITTLE MAN HERE AND HE TELEPORTED AWAY...
...OR SOMETHING.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER A QUICK PIT STOP AT HIS ROOM TO GATHER SOME CLOTHES AND DEODORANT, WE FIND ERIC O'GRADY TRYING TO SLIP ONTO THE NEXT TRANSPORT DOWN TO THE CITY BELOW.
C'MON...
C'MON!
MAKE ONE MOVE, DIRTBAG.
I DARE YOU.
DUM-DUM DUGAN. THE RIGHT-HAND MAN TO THE ONE-EYED MAN.
I'M FLATTERED.
DON'T TRY ANYTHING STUPID. JUST TURN AROUND, AND COME WITH US. DON'T MAKE A SCENE.
WE WON'T HESITATE TO SHOOT!
DON'T WORRY...
BLAM!
WROK!
IF THIS WORKS...
...IT'LL BE A MIRACLE!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
TEK.

IT'S A MIRACLE!

TWO DAYS LATER WE FIND MITCH CARSON, ALREADY UP AND ABOUT IN THE S.H.I.E.L.D. INFIRMARY.
YOU SURE YOU'RE READY FOR ACTIVE DUTY, AGENT CARSON?
I'M FINE.
YOU'RE NOT FINE. YOU'VE LOST ALL USE OF THE LEFT SIDE OF YOUR FACE. YOU'VE LOST ALL DEPTH PERCEPTION--YOU'RE DEAF IN ONE EAR.
IT'S ONLY BEEN TWO DAYS--YOU'RE NOT EVEN FULLY HEALED.
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, DIRECTOR HILL...I'M GOING AFTER ERIC O'GRADY BEFORE HE HAS TIME TO DISAPPEAR... AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY AND STOP ME.
STOP YOU? NO. AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT, I ACTUALLY WANT YOU TO GO AFTER HIM. I JUST NEED TO KNOW YOU'RE READY.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO TRAIN SOMEONE ELSE TO USE THE PYM-PARTICLE TRACKER--YOU'RE THE MOST QUALIFIED AVAILABLE AGENT.
CONGRESS IS ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE THE SUPERHUMAN REGISTRATION ACT--THE "YOU-KNOW-WHAT" IS ABOUT TO HIT THE FAN AND I DON'T THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO SPARE ANYONE.
SO--YOU'RE PRETTY MUCH IT.
I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY. GET ME A TRANSPORT AND THE EQUIPMENT I NEED AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY WITHIN THE HOUR.
YOU'LL HAVE IT.
HAPPY HUNTING, AGENT CARSON.

MEANWHILE...
DOWN IN NEW YORK CITY WE CATCH UP WITH ERIC O'GRADY HAVING ALREADY STUMBLED UPON SOME TROUBLE.
OH, MAN... LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT SOME ANT-MANING TO DO!
MY FIRST DAMSEL IN DISTRESS--SO EXCITING.
POW!
KRAK!
KILL YOU--!!
YOU WANT TO GIVE UP THE PURSE BEFORE OR AFTER I TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT ELSE IS ON THE MENU?
AND IF YOU SCREAM--SO HELP ME, IF YOU SCREAM--I PROMISE I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO STAB YOU BEFORE I MAKE A RUN FOR IT.
P-P-PLEASE--
THUD.
YOUR PURSE?

GO AHEAD, TAKE IT, IT'S *YOURS*--I DIDN'T PUT A BOMB IN IT OR ANYTHING.
I'M *ANT-MAN*--I CAN GET REALLY SMALL AND STUFF. THING IS, I'M STILL AS *STRONG* WHEN I'M SMALL SO I WAS ABLE TO USE LEVERAGE TO--
TOO MUCH INFORMATION? TOO MUCH INFORMATION. I *THOUGHT* SO. HOW ARE YOU DOING?
I'M *FINE*-- *NOW.*
YOU SAVED MY *LIFE*. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO *THANK* YOU.
I'VE GOT AN IDEA. HOW ABOUT YOU LET ME BUY YOU *DINNER* TONIGHT?
I DON'T-- *REALLY?* ARE YOU *SERIOUS?*
UM, *OKAY...*
I *GUESS.*
GOOD. I'LL MEET YOU AT CROCKETT'S GRILL OVER ON SEVENTEENTH, AT SAY...EIGHT O'CLOCK? UNLESS CROCKETT'S IS TOO FANCY?
NO--SURE. I KNOW WHERE THAT IS. UM-- HOW WILL I KNOW WHO YOU *ARE?*
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?! HOW DID YOU--?!
UM.
I'LL BE THE ONE IN THE *ANT-MAN* COSTUME.
REALLY?

IN THE PRESENT.
ONE WEEK LATER.
AFTER THE DATE WITH BETH. AFTER THE TEA INCIDENT. AFTER SNEAKING BACK INTO HER APARTMENT TO WATCH HER SHOWER. AFTER MITCH SHOWED UP TO FIND HIM. AFTER THE CONFRONTATION IN BETH'S APARTMENT. AFTER ERIC ESCAPED AND HID IN MITCH'S FLYING CAR.
AFTER ERIC STARTED A FIGHT WITH MITCH IN SAID CAR--THE CAR IS NO LONGER FLYING AND IS NOW FALLING.
OKAY--SO THIS IS THE THING YOU'VE BEEN USING TO TRACK ME.
NICE--REALLY. I LIKE IT.
OOPS!!
KRRKKK!!
I WON'T NEED THE TRACKER AFTER I BEAT YOU SENSELESS!!
REALLY? FROM WHERE I'M STANDING--ER, FLYING--IT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE MORE IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO START DRIVING AGAIN.
LATER.

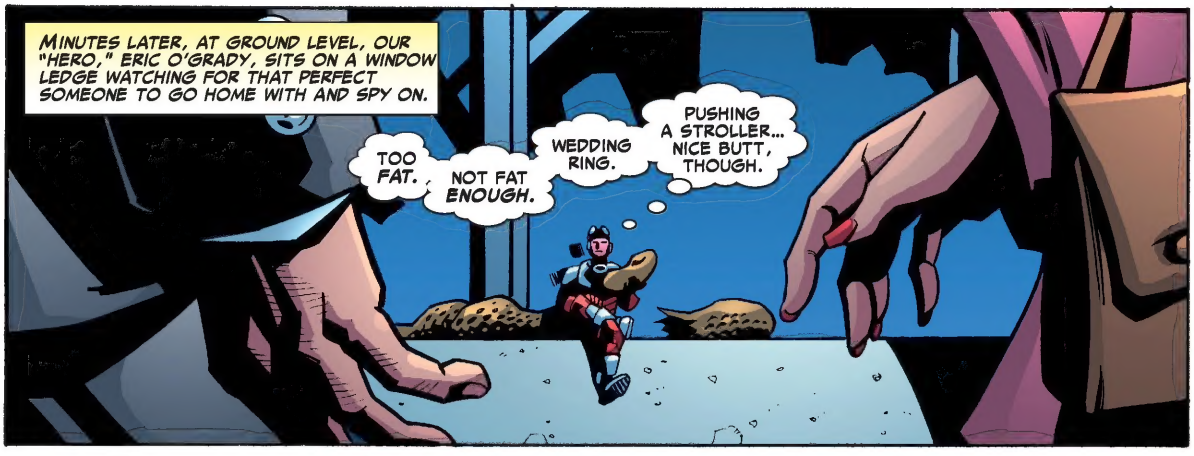
HEH.
THAT SHOULD GIVE ME A FEW WEEKS OF *PEACE* WHILE THEY BUILD A NEW TRACKING DEVICE.

OKAY...

SO... WHERE AM I SLEEPING *TONIGHT?*

I COULD GO BACK TO *BETH'S* PLACE, I GUESS--BUT SHE WASN'T REALLY THAT *ATTRACTIVE* ANYWAY.
I WONDER HOW *VERONICA* IS DOING?

OKAY THEN... SOMETHING *NEW.*


MINUTES LATER, AT GROUND LEVEL, OUR "HERO," ERIC O'GRADY, SITS ON A WINDOW LEDGE WATCHING FOR THAT PERFECT SOMEONE TO GO HOME WITH AND SPY ON.
TOO *FAT.*
NOT FAT *ENOUGH.*
WEDDING RING.
PUSHING A STROLLER... NICE BUTT, THOUGH.

WAIT A MINUTE!

NO RING.

NICE FACE.

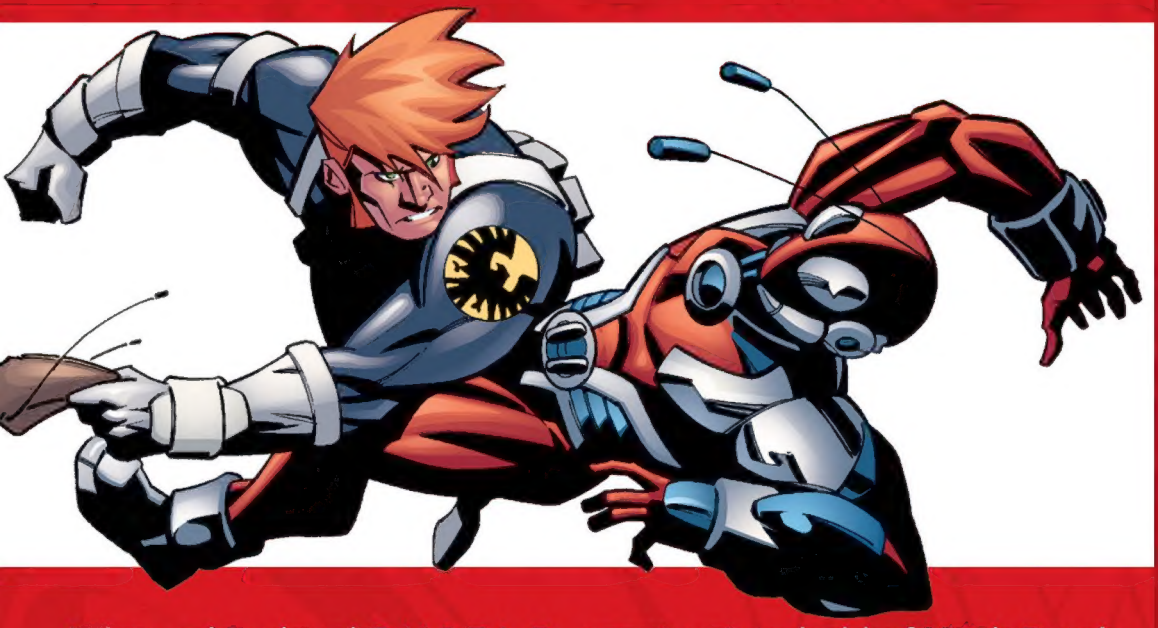
EXCELLENT RACK.

WE HAVE A WINNER!
OH, YEAH-- TOTALLY NICE.
I'LL JUST SIT IN HERE AND RIDE ALL THE WAY HOME.
NOT EXACTLY FIRST-CLASS TRAVEL, BUT IT'LL DO.
S. H. I. E. L. D.
Superhuman Registration Act
CODE NAME: Ms. Marvel, a.k.a. Warbird, a.k.a. Binary
POWERS: Flight, Enhanced Strength, Damage Resistance, Energy Absorption and Rechannelling
ENHANCED HUMAN
SEX: F HEIGHT: 5 ft 11 in WEIGHT: 124 lbs
EYES: Blue HAIR: Blonde
OH... WELL... UH....
THAT'S INTERESTING.

PROMOTIONAL ART BY PHIL HESTER, ANDE PARKS & BILL CRABTREE

Super Hero Action/Comedy

INTRODUCING THE WORLD'S WORST SUPER HERO!



When a low-level S.H.I.E.L.D. agent gets a hold of Hank Pym's new Ant-Man suit, you know the Marvel Universe is in trouble. He's not concerned with saving the world or helping others. He's concerned with getting through the day and getting a leg up on life. He's not going to use his powers responsibly, he's going to use them for the betterment of himself. He's Ant-Man, a new "hero" for the modern world. If you thought Robert Kirkman pushed the boundaries of what could be in a Marvel Comic with *Marvel Zombies*, just wait until you see what he does in here!

Collecting *Irredeemable Ant-Man #1-6*, written by Robert Kirkman (*Marvel Team-Up*) and illustrated by Phil Hester (*Green Arrow*).

MARVEL

AGES 12 AND UP